DALY CITY RECORD

Companion Publication with the SAN MATEO INDEX of the City of San Mateo

BY J. L. BROWN | DALY CITY, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1913 | VOL. 5, NO. 33

SUPERIOR COURT

Cases Pending, in Progress, Settled, With Interesting Details to San Mateo County Folks

Walter D. Morgan has petitioned for the custody of his minor son, John Morgan. The father and mother of the boy are separated and the child is at present in the custody of the mother, who resides in San Francisco. Morgan recites that the boy comes to Burlingame every day to school and this is an expense that could be avoided if the youngster would reside with him at Lomita Park

The Aalwyns Law Institute of San Francisco has brought suit against C. V Dudley to recover the sum of $3800 on an open book account. The indebtedness began in November, 1911. Plaintiff has laso commenced an action against Susan H. Dudley to recover $7628.93 balance due on an open book account dating from November 25. 1911.

John T. Casey has brought suit against Alfredo Nieri to recover the sum of $406 on a promissory note executed in September, 1909, and secured by a chattel mortgage. Plaintiff also asks for costs, interest and attorney fees.

Joe Wilson Printing Co. vs. L. Mattai. Demurrer overruled and defendant given 10 days to answer.

Granite Work Co. vs. W. H. Underhill. Petition for writ of mandate continued to November 18.

The Emporium vs. City of Burlingame. Demurrer continued to November 13.

Margeret Brown vs. C. W. Brown. Return on citation dropped from calendar

Ernestine Huber vs. Joseph Huber. Order to show cause continued to November 13.

J. B. Coryell vs. Cashel Bros. Notice of change of venue to Santa Clara county granted

Maggie S. Gerber vs. J. W. Horn. Motion to strike out submitted.

Kopp & Schick vs. Mary Farrell et al. Trial continued to November 13.

Emma C. Thomas vs. George McCarthy et al. Judgment ordered for plaintiff.

Petition to terminate homestead of Mary Hade granted.

Ira M. Cobe vs. F. M. Doak. Trial continued to November 13.

Ann C. Azevedo et al vs. Mary Costa. Motion for order to inspect papers dropped from calendar.

People vs. Spring Valley Water Co. Demurrer continued to November 18.

People vs. O. Bandini. Trial continued to November 13.

Mary A. Tobin vs. H. W. Brown et al. Order to show cause continued to November 28.

Schwerin Realty Co. vs. Joseph Slye et al. Notice of motion for judgment continued to November 13.

Carmelo Boitano vs. Joseph Debenedetti. Trial set for December 5.

Elmer J. Chamberlain vs. J. C. Lacy. Trial set for November 20.

San Mateo Bank vs. J. S. Henderson et al. Trial set for November 13.

People vs. Walter Meade. Astion dismissed on motion of District Attorney.

H. L. Atkinson vs. South San Francisco Mill and Lumber Co. Case submitted after argument.

San Mateo Poultry Show

The second annual poultry show of the San Mateo County Poultry Association will be held in San Mateo December 4, 5, 6 and 7. A long list of cash prizes and cups are offered as awards for the various exhibits. Entries for the show close November 25. Henry Berrar of San Jose will be the judge and T. L. Green will be superintendent of the show.

The officers of the San Mateo County Poultry Association are: C. Stader, president; L. G. Green, vice-president; Arthur R. Schroeder, secretary; T. L. Green, treasurer; C. W. Hansen, Fred West, Fred Clark, Joseph H. Taylor and L. C. Vannier, executive committee.

"The Bungalow" at Millbrae has changed hands, George Vincent having sold to Messrs. Fappino & Danels of San Francisco, who took charge Saturday. Mr. Vincent called at the Index office Monday and said he contemplates engaging in business in one of the coast side towns.

TUESDAY'S ELECTION IN SAN FRANCISCO

Five of the Eight Supervisors Elected Are Union Labor Men

The following were the votes polled by the candidates in the election in San Francisco Tuesday:

Total votes cast	72,574
POLICE JUDGE	
J. J. Sullivan (Elected)	39,322
William P. Caubu	31,075
TAX COLLECTOR	
E. F. Bryant (Elected)	37,590
J. O. Low	32,852
SUPERVISORS	
(Elected)	
Fred Suhr Jr.	41,232
James E. Power	39,972
John O. Walsh	38,230
Con Deasy	36,443
Charles A. Nelson	34,886
Ralph McLeran	33,417
Edward L. Nolan	32,574
Fred L. Hilmer	32,354
(Defeated)	
Joseph J. Phillips	32,054
Edwin G. Bath	32,045
Daniel C. Murphy	28,392
John T. Burns	28,217
Guido E. Caglieri	27,912
Byron Mauzy	27,883
George A. Connolly	26,033
Adolph Koshland	25,817

Eight new Supervisors, a Tax Collector and a Police Judge were elected Tuesday by the voters of San Francisco in the regular fall municipal election.

One of the features of the election was the decisive defeat of J. O. Low, the incumbent, for Tax Collector by Edward F. Bryant. Low was appointed to the office when David Bush died and on his showing in the primaries was expected to succeed himself. Bryant, who beat him by about 5000 votes, has been prominent in Union Labor politics.

John J. Sullivan won easily over William P. Caubu for the place on the police court bench. His plurality was about 8000. Sullivan succeeds himself.

Four present Supervisors were defeated for re-election. They are Dr. Guido E. Caglieri, Adolph Koshland, Byron Mauzy and Daniel C. Murphy.

The three Supervisors who were re-elected are Fred L. Hilmer, Ralph McLaren and Edward L. Nolan. Dr. A. H. Giannini of the board did not seek re-election.

Of the eight new Supervisors elected five received the support of the Union Labor forces. They are Con Deasy, Charles A. Nelson, James E. Power, Fred Suhr, Jr., and John O. Walsh.

To Electricize Ocean Shore

At a meeting of the directors of the Ocean Shore Railroad Tuesday at the offices of the road in San Francisco, a plan to electricize the road was outlined, and it was decided to submit the question for final action to the stockholders at a meeting to be held January 11, 1914. The directors voted to recommend to the stockholders the issuance of $5,000,000 additional bonds, of which $200,000 is to be placed on the market at once.

All the officers and directors were re-elected, as follows: F. A. Bradley, president; Alfred Williams, vice-president and general manager; J. W. Crosby, secretary and treasurer; F. W. Bradley, R. D. Robbins, C. C. Moore, C. E. Lilly, J. G. Sutton, J. S. Silverberg and H. E. Bothin, directors.

APPRAISERS' REPORTS

R. F. Chilcott, inheritance tax appraiser of the estate of Lawrence Kelly, deceased, has filed his inventory and appraisement. The total value of the estate is placed at $16,675. It consists of money in the hands of the administrator amounting to $9575, cash in bank and promissory notes amounting to $7100.

APPRAISERS APPOINTED

Judge Buck has appotnied R. F. Chilcott inheritance tax appraiser of the estate of John I. Hogan, deceased.

If you have frequent fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign that you are not well, but liable to die at any minute. Pay your subscription in advance and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice.—Mountain Echo.

A woman of experience writes that husbands are easily trained if taken young.

PENINSULA FARES

Edgar C. Humphrey, of Menlo Park, Quotes Figures to Show How the Costs of Commutation Tickets, Which Seemingly Went Down, Went Up---Mileage Was Cut Far More Than The Rates---Rates Higher Than For 25 Years---Wherefore Alleged Annual Saving of $60,000?

In spite of the reduction in peninsula commutation rates made a year ago, after a committee had appealed to the State Railroad Commission, the present charges per mile are 8 to 14 per cent higher than they were before the completion of the Bay Shore cutoff, five years ago.

This is the deduction from figures compiled by Edgar C. Humphrey, a San Francisco real estate man, who lives at Menlo Park, and who for 22 years has not missed a single month in buying a Southern Pacific commutation ticket.

An analysis of past and present peninsula rates, which Humphrey made public last Saturday, shows that, owing to the fact that the distance to Redwood City was shortened 3.6 miles by the cutoff, and this was not taken into account in the readjustment, there is an actual increase in the San Francisco-Redwood City rate of 8.6 per cent. The Menlo Park increase he figures at 9.4 per cent. He shows that, if Redwood City tickets had been sold at the old rates, with allowance for the cutoff, they would now cost the commuters $6.90, instead of $7.60, as under the present rates ordered by the Railroad Commission.

Humphrey's statement is as follows:

"About a year ago a committee from peninsula points took up with the rate officials of the Southern Pacific Co. the matter of adjusting passenger rates along the route to conform to the reduced mileage brought about by the completion of the Bay Shore cutoff.

"This committee appeared, together with the railroad officials, at a hearing before the State Railroad Commission and asked for the present schedule of rates, which they showed to the commissioners has been agreed upon as mutually satisfactory.

"Following this, the commission publicly stated, and it was published, that considerable rate reductions had been secured, to the great advantage of the traveling public.

"Under old conditions the scheduled distance from San Francisco to Redwood City was 29 miles, and the daily commutation ticket was sold for $8 a month, which amounted to $96 a year. This entitled the purchaser to ride one round trip daily 58 miles, or a total of 21,170 miles per year. The rate per mile under this schedule was .453 of a cent.

"Under present conditions the scheduled distance between these same stations is 25.4 miles, and the daily commutation ticket is sold for $7.60 per month, amounting to a total of $91.20 per year. This entitles the purchaser to ride one round trip daily, 50.8 miles, or a total of 18,542 miles per year. The rate per mile under this schedule is .492 of a cent.

"There is a reduction in distance between these two stations of 2628 miles per year, this being 12 4-10 per cent of the old mileage distance.

"There is an increase in the rate charged between these same stations amounting to 8 6-10 per cent of the former rate per mile.

"If the daily commutation tickets were sold at the same rate per mile between these same two stations that the railroad company charged for them for more than 25 years, and before the State Railroad Commission promulgated the present schedule with its accompanying increased rate per mile, the price of these tickets would then be $6.90 per month, instead of $7.60 per month, the price at present charged.

"A new commutation ticket that permits the purchaser to ride 50.8 miles per day, six days per week, amounting to 15,900.4 miles per year between these same two stations, is now sold for $6.85 per month, which amounts to $82.20 per year. The rate per mile under this charge is .516 of a cent. If this ticket were sold at the proportionate rate prevailing for more than 25 years the price would be $71.02 per year, or $5.91 per month. This is an increase of 13 9-10 per cent over the rate prevailing for daily commutation rate per mile for more than 25 years.

"The yearly mileage sold to purchasers of daily commutation tickets between these two stations has been actually reduced 2628 miles, and an allowance made for this reduced mileage of only $4.80, this allowance being at a rate of only .182 of a cent per mile.

"This summary shows exactly how well the committee pretending to represent the interests of the peninsula commuters presented their claims for proper and just rates before the State Railroad Commission, and that about all that can be said to have been accomplished as a result of their efforts is the incontrovertible fact that the rate per mile is now from 7 3-10 to 13 8-10 per cent higher than the rate prevailing for more than 25 years.

"There was, however, on that committee, one regular commuter, and one only, W. J. Martin of South San Francisco. It is worthy of note that the daily commutation ticket from San Francisco to South San Francisco was reduced from a former price of $4.50 per month to the present price of $3 per month, a flat reduction of 33 1-3 per cent."

SAN MATEO COUNTY GRAND JURY DRAWN

Eleven Women and Eight Men Gives Fair Sex Majority

The new grand jury was organized last Thursday. Out of the nineteen members, eleven are women. The following is the personel of the jury:

W. F. Turnbull, San Mateo.
Jas. A. Bell, San Gregorio.
Dora Wilson, Redwood City.
Diva Belli, Colma.
William Fahy, San Pedro.
Edgar A. Shaw, Pescadero.
Elizabeth Vickerson, Burlingame.
Delia F. Spellman, Colma.
Walter Knight, Woodside.
Mary M. Miller, Burlingame.
Augusta Geary, Redwood City.
Julia M. Hawes, South City.
Delia McRoskey, San Mateo.
J. H. Hatch, San Mateo.
Martha E. Billings, Burlingame.
Mary H. Gilbert, Redwood City.
John A. Flint, Faralone.
Mary E. Fletcher, Redwood City.
James Callan, Colma.

Judge Buck instructed the jury carefully as to its duties, and appointed Walter Knight foreman. Miss Belli was elected secretary and L. Q. Havens the expert.

UNFORSEEN RESULT OF THE INCOME TAX

Will Add Value to Municipal Bonds, As They Are Exempt

The new income tax adds value to State and municipal bonds, as incomes derived from these are exempt from taxation.

Suppose a man has $100,000 invested in securities which pay 5 per cent. he is taxed 1 per cent. upon the income. Suppose he sells and invests in State or municipal bonds, paying 5 per cent. he is taxed nothing on the income. Naturally public bonds are going to find a wide market.

The demand for municipal securities created by the income tax will undoubtedly lead many capitalists to favor municipal ownership of utilities who have heretofore been strong opponents of that sort of thing. And we may expect to see municipal ownership increase with extraordinary rapidity.

It is an interesting proof of the unexpected results which economic legislation produces. Our social and business relations are so ramified that only actual experiment can definitely decide whether economic changes, made by law, will work harm or good.

BURLINGAME PLANS FOR NEW CITY HALL

Building Will Also House the Fire Department

Departing from the regular city hall design, the Board of Trustees of Burlingame has selected a unique and original plan for the new municipal building to be built from the $25,000 bond issue recently voted by the citizens of Burlingame for this purpose. The Trustees wanted to get something distinctive, that would be in harmony with the rural beauty of the city hall site, just off Burlingame avenue, and still serve the many uses to which the building will be put.

In addition to a big assembly hall for the Trustees and public meetings, the building will house the offices of the City Engineer, Marshal, Tax Collector and other office. One wing will be turned over to the Fire Department. A modern auto chemical will be purchased to be added to the other equipment of the department before the building is ready for occupancy. Charles Peter Weeks is the architect.

PROBATE MATTERS

The last will and testament of Dr. A. M. Gardner has been filed for probate by Mrs. Elizabeth May Gardner. The will was executed February 5, 1913. By its terms Mrs. Gardner is named as executrix and is the sole legatee. Dr. Gardner expressed his affection in the document for his daughter, Mrs. Ruby E. Lynch, and his son, Stephen P. Gardner, and declared that his wife would prorvide properly for them and bequeathed his large estate to her. The value of the estate is not stated in the petition for letters testamentary, except that it exceeds $10,000. The doctor owned the greater portion of the capital stock of the Gardner Sanitarium at Belmont, besides large interests in San Francisco and other counties of the State. Deceased was a specialist in nervous diseases and was for some years head of the Stockton asylum. He died June 28, 1913, at the age of 65 years.

Estate of Richard H. Gegax, deceased. Petition for letters of administration dropped from calendar.

Estate of J. R. S. Bickford, deceased. Petition to convey real estate granted.

Estate of Mary Ann Pennington, deceased. Petition for partial distribution granted.

Estate of Regina Rohngvist, deceased. Petition for sale of real estate continued to November 13.

Estate of Bridget Cullen, deceased. Third annual account of the administrator, C. Cullen, settled and allowed.

Estate of John P. Cullen, a minor. First annual account of guardian, C. Cullen, settled and allowed.

Estate of Mary Callan, deceased. Petition to set aside homestead continued to November 13.

Estate and guardianship of Ernesst H. J. Kruft. First report and account of guardian, Helen Kruft, allowed and settled.

BUILDING CONTRACTS

The following building contracts have been filed in the County Recorder's office:

The McGilvray Stone Co. agrees to do the sandstone and granite work on the west wing of the Sacred Heart Academy at Menlo Park in 100 days for $11,850.

Thomas Day's Sons agree to erect for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co. a three-story hotel on Grand avenue, South San Francisco in 140 days for $59,600.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Ora F. Imbler, age 27, and Frances E. Nesmith, age 25, both of San Francisco.

Thomas. Fogarty, age 22, and Rosary Patron, age 22, both of Madrone, Santa Clara county.

Harry Speros, age 32, San Francisco, and Annie Louston, age 28, Oakland.

Thomas Mullen, age 32, and Catherine McLaughlin, age 21, both of San Francisco.

Delays of the Law

"How in the world will you dig up evidence to get me a new trial?"

"Don't worry about that," replied the lawyer. "All you have to do is to dig up more money."—Judge.

PACIFIC COAST SIDE

What Our Neighbors Along the Pacific's Shore Have Been Doing, Are Doing and Will Do

Miss L. Davis of San Mateo is at Half Moon Bay visiting Miss Mary Furtado.

Miss Annie G. Smith, postmistress of Moss Beach, visited in San Francisco Friday.

LeRoy Kennedy of San Francisco is at Marine View and will spend the winter visiting with his father, Dan Kennedy.

Mrs. John Cunha attended the funeral of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joe Brown, at Oakland the fore part of last week.

Mrs. M. E. Ward of Livermore has arrived in Salada Beach and will spend the winter fisiting her daughter, Mrs. M. H. Lawson.

George Debenedetti of San Bruno visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Debenedetti, at Half Moon Bay Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Amoss returned home Friday after a month's pisit in Napa. They probably will remain in Farrallone for the winter.

On account of the growing demands of the Rockaway Beach district the Ocean Shore Railroad has decided to establish a passenger and freight agency there. A man will be on the job shortly.

E. J. O'Brien, brakeman on the Ocean Shore Railroad, and Miss Ethel Aern of San Francisco were married at the home of the bride's parents on Thursday, October 30, 1913. The happy young couple has the best wishes of a large number of friends, both on the Coast Side and in San Francisco.

HARVEST TIME OF THE WORLD

The following shows the months of the wheat harvest in different wheat growing sections of the world:

January—Australia, New Zealand, Chili and Argentine.

February and March—East India and Upper Egypt.

April—Lower Egypt,Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, India, Mexico and Cuba.

May—Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, Morocco, Texas and Florida.

June—Turkey, Greece,Italy, Spain, Portugal, South of France, California, Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado and Missouri.

July—Roumania, Bulgaria, Austro-Hungary, South of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, France, South of England, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New York, New England and upper Canada.

August—Belgiam, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, Lower Canada, Columbia and Manitoba.

September and October—Scotland, Sweden, Norway and North of Russia.

November—Peru and South Africa.

December—Burmah.

Precepts For Child Laborers

Honor thy father and thy mother, no matter how early they take you out of school and put you to work for their support.

Study the careers of the successful men of the community. If you see that they have succeeded through the efficient organization of the labor of little children, go thou and do likewise.

Always be patriotic. Let nothing shake your staunch and ardent love for your country, not even the fact that its laws leave you entirely unprotected.

Do not take up with Socialism. The Socialists are merely trying to make you divide up with the shiftless and the incompetent.

Be contented. It is not Christian-like to be dissatisfied with one's lot. He that loseth his life for industry's sake shall find it.

Do the best you can, work the hardest you can and don't watch the clock. Remember that a child that never does more than he gets paid for never gets paid for more than he does.—Life.

You can seldom stretch the truth enough to cover a lie.

CALIFORNIA'S MINERAL PRODUCTION $92,837,374

Increase of $2,216,730 in 1912 Over Preceding Year

California, first among the states west of the Mississippi and fifth among all the states in the total value of its mineral production, rests its principal claim to distinction as a mineral producer on its output of petroleum. In this it leads all other states, as Pennsylvania in the production of coal. The total value of the mineral production in 1912, according to Edward W. Parker, of the United States Geological Survey, was $92, 837,374, an increase of $2,216,730 over 1911.

In the quantity of petroleum produced California is credited with nearly 40 per cent of the total output of the United States.

The gold produced in California holds second place in the mineral production of the State, and first place among the states.

Petroleum and gold represent about 42 and 23 per cent, respectively, of California's mineral output.

Next to gold the principal metal product is copper, the production of which decreased from 36,316,136 pounds in 1911 to 33,451,672 pounds in 1912, but the value increased from $4,539,517 to $5,519,526.

The relatively small production of silver is recovered largely as a by-product in the copper mines.

The production of lead and zinc is unimportant.

One of the important industries in California is the manufacture of Portland cement, the value of this product exceeding $8,000,000 in both 1911 and 1912.

The clay products of the state increased nearly a million dollars in 1912 over 1911, being, respectively, $5,912,450 and $4,915,866.

The total value of the quarry products, which consist chiefly of granite, trap rock and limestone, decreased from $4,676,902 in 1911 to $3,902,313 in 1912.

The other mineral products of the state, which exceeded a million dollars in value in 1912, were asphalt, $2,-186,403; borax, $1,127,813; and natural gas, $1,134,456.

In addition to being first in the production of petroleum and gold, California is also the premier producing State in asphalt and quirksilver and enjoys a monopoly in the production of borax and magnesite, the combined value of these substances being over $3,000,000. The other mineral proucts of commercial importance in California are chromite, coal, feldspar, fuller's earth, gem materials, gypsum, infusorial earth, iron ore, lime, manganese ore, mineral paints, mineral waters, platinum, pumice, pyrite, quartz (abrasive), salt, sand and gravel, sand-lime brick, sulpheric acid, talc, and tungsten (concentrates.)

USE SHORT SENTENCES

Writers who wish to impart to their productions power and pungency, who wish to keep the reader's attention upon the tiptoe of activity, who desire to escape the imputation of pendantry and who seek to surcharge their sentiments with sparkle and spirit, will do well to bear in mind constantly that long, lingering sentences, unduly overburdened with an abundance of phrases, clauses and parenthetical observations of a more or less disgressive character, are apt to be tiresome to the reader, especially if the subject matter be at all profound or ponderous, to place an undue sionstrain upon his powers of concentration and to leave him with a confused conception of the ideas which the writer apparently has been at great pains to concentrate,while short snappy sentences, on the other hand, with the frequent recurrence of subject and predictate, thus recalling and emphasizing the idea to be expressed as the development of the thought proceeds, like numerous sign posts upon an untravelled road, these frequent breaks having the effect of taking a new hold upon the reader's attention, oases in the desert of words, as it were, will be found to be much more effective, much more conductive to clarity and far better calculated to preserve the contact, the wireless connection, so to speak, between the writer and the reader, provided, however, and it is always very easy to err through a too strict and too literal application of a general rule, that the sentences are not so short as to give a jerky, choppy and sketchy effcet and to scatter the reader's attention so often as to send him wool-gathering completely.—Life.

Frequently the dope that an author with a reputation sells easily is not as good as the stuff he has had returned with thanks in the early part of his career.

The United States Department of Agriculture has been experimenting with the object of producing a wilt-resistant watermeion.

THE NUTRITION OF THE POOR

These are the days in which problems of economy in living are forcing themselves on the public mind. The rise in prices has intruded itself into the conduct of the household and compelled a readjustment in some cases in the distribution of income among the various channels of expenditure. Whatever else may happen, it is fundamentally necessary that certain indispensable requisites of clothing, shelter and food be provided if the individual is to be maintained in a state of physiologic equilibrium and economic efficiency. In the so-called "better classes" the appropriations to such purposes can be adjusted without serious difficulties; but as we ascend the scale of available income a border line is reached, at which the barest necessities of life may not always be suitably provided. It is to this stratum of society that the attention of social workers and students of nutrition alike must be directed. Reforms are demanded and deserve to be established.

So much has been written about the influence of diet on the physical conditions of the individual, and particularly on growing children who become the workers of the next generation, that most statements in this field are truisms, says "The Journal of the American Medical Association." The facts have been bluntly, yet effectively expressed by saying that the working man brings into the market his energy—his power of doing work—and obtains for it the most favorable price that he can. His ultimate power as a wage earner is being influenced by the character of his food supply. His profits depend, on the one hand, on the amount of energy he can supply and the price at which he can sell it, and, on the other, on the price for which he can buy his source of energy—his food. An abundance of good and cheap food is the first essential for a productive working class.

Much attention has been given to the food requirements of laborers and to the cost of living involved thereby. Professor Underhill found that it required an expenditure of considerably more than twenty cents a day to secure the nutriment adequate for the working classes investigated. Miss Lindsay has studied the diet of the laboring classes in Glasgow, Scotland, during 1911 and 1912 to ascertain whether the working classes of that city get a diet which will enable them to develop into strong, healthy, energetic men, able to do a strenuous day's work.

In the case of the really poor—those who have a daily struggle to make both ends meet—even although as the statistics show three-quarters of their meager income is expended on food, a sufficient supply is not obtained. The remaining fourth of the income is quite inadequate for rents, coal, taxes, insurance, etc. The families in which the income is under 20 shillings a week entirely fail to obtain a supply of food sufficient for their needs. The principal foods used were bread, potatoes, milk, sugar, beef and vegetables, such valuable and easily procured products as oatmeal and peas being used in relatively small amounts. Not one of the families in which the wage was regular and under 20 shillings a week had a diet the energy value of which reached the minimum of 3000 calories per adult man.

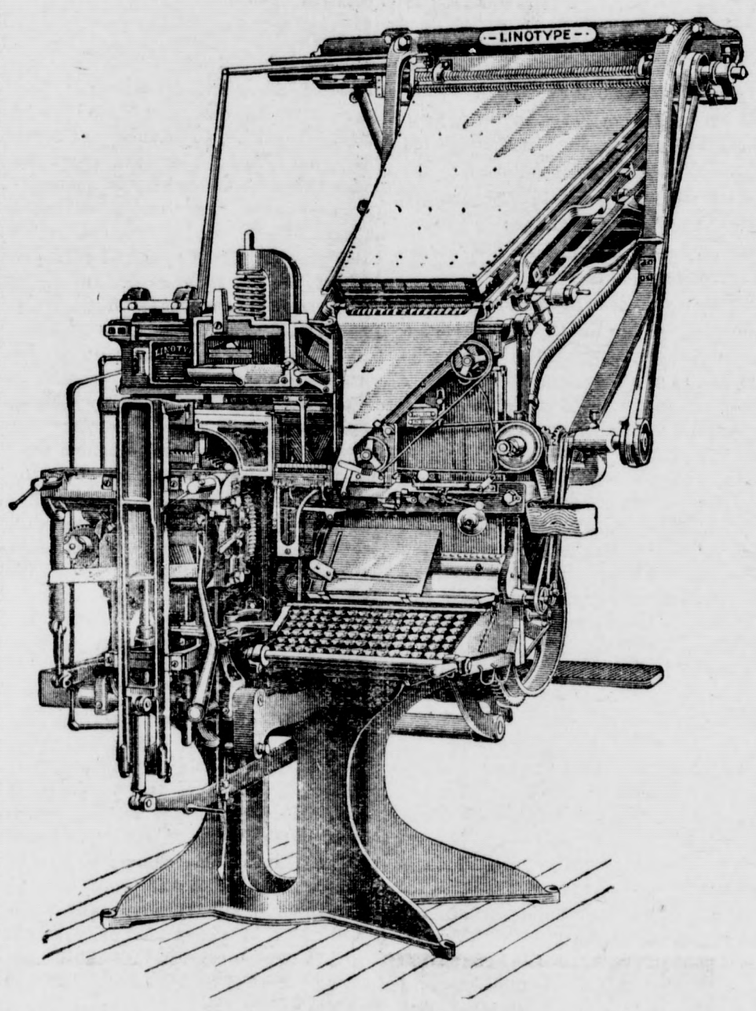
One naturally asks what can be done to improve such diets, since it is not within the province of the dietitian to alter the financial return to the families. Ignorance and bad marketing play their part as well as well as penury. The protein-rich animal foods, flesh, fish and eggs are all too expensive for the laboring classes, and any increase in their proportion in the diet is impracticable. The Glasgow physiologists wisely point out that cheese and cheap protein-rich vegetable foods, oatmeal, peas, beans, etc., should be more freely used The chief drawback is the labor entailed in preparing and cooking them. If the diet of the laboring classes is to be improved, without increasing the cost, time and labor must be expended on properly preparing the more nutritive foods of vegetable origin.

Individual Drinking Cups on Trains

The State Railroad Commission recently issued the following order which is of interest to the people of San Mateo county:

It is hereby ordered that all passenger cars of steam railroads and interurban electric railroads in the State of California that constitute a train or part of a train whose schedule time between terminals exceeds one hour and thirty minutes, shall be so provided with sanitary individual drinking cups that passengers on said passenger cars may be able to purchase one or more cups at a price not to exceed one cent each, and the traveling public shall be so notified by means of a poster card notice placed in a conspicuous place at or near the water tank in each passenger car.

PATRONIZE THE HOME LINOTYPE WORK



BRIEFS, TRANSCRIPTS, BOOK WORK AT CITY PRICES

San Mateo Index AND Daly City Record

Cynthia's Blue Gown

How It Caused Her Husband an Uncomfortable Evening : : :

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ned Harkness hurried home that night and found supper waiting for him in the cheerful dining room of the small flat where they lived. Cynthia, his wife, was flying around with pink cheeks putting the last touches to the little dinner she had prepared with her own hands. The Harknesses were a very happy couple, despite the fact that Ned had not yet attained the highest pinnacle of clerkship in Marsh's office and Cynthia still did her own housework with the occasional help of a "woman by the day." Besides, they lived more quietly and saved more money than Ned's fellow clerks, who lived more showily and spent every penny of their incomes.

Tonight was a special night. The blue gown had come home on "approval." Ned and Cynthia had discussed the wisdom of putting so much money into one frivolous dress of blue satin and tissue, but at last they had decided that the blue gown for Cynthia would be a good investment. Ned's employer had invited them to dinner in his own home, and that presaged a promotion, and Cynthia's wardrobe was simple to actual plainness.

"You look like a peach!" admired Ned after dinner as he walked around his lovely wife garbed in the charming gown of delicate blue.

"You're a dear to say such nice things," murmured Cynthia delightedly. "I feel so wicked, Ned, taking all that money out of the bank to buy one foolish gown."

"It's all right, Cynthia. You know, Mr. Marsh expects his clerks to dress well, and I suppose he knows our

HE TURNED AND GLANCED AT THE COUPLE.

wives must keep up with us," laughed Ned carelessly. "By the way, Cynthia, Brown says he and Mrs. Brown bought a Paris model for the occasion. Amber chiffon, I think he called it."

"That will be charming for Mrs. Brown, she is so dark," smiled Cynthia, slipping out of the blue gown. "Then you think we may venture on this, dear?"

"Certainly! You better go in and pay for it tomorrow."

* * * * * * *

The next day Ned Harkness telephoned to his wife that he would not be home to dinner that night. A special customer of the firm had appeared in town, and Mr. Marsh had asked Ned to take the stranger out to dinner.

The quiet hotel where they dined was noted for its excellent cuisine, and, while the restaurant was not crowded, the tables were well filled with handsomely gowned women and their escorts.

Ned and his companion sat down in a palm screened corner and watched the changing crowd coming and going. Mr. Fanshaw had an eye for a pretty woman, and more than once he called Ned's attention to some beautiful woman.

While they were eating their soup Fanshaw suddenly laid his hand on Ned's arm.

"Look there, Harkness; that's my ideal woman." He nodded toward a table in the center of the room.

Ned turned around just in time to see a woman in a blue gown sink gracefully into a chair opposite his office companion, James Brown. Brown was a handsome, black eyed young man, and he was paying devoted attention to his companion.

Of course Ned Harkness couldn't tell Fanshaw that the "ideal woman" was his wife. He scarcely believed it himself, though the swift glimpse he had of her profile as she sat down with her back toward him convinced him that it was Cynthia. And she was wearing the blue gown they had chosen last night, and on her head was a large feathered hat that tipped back until the edge of the brim almost touched her bare shoulders.

What was Cynthia doing here with James Brown?

Over and over again that question drummed itself through Ned's jealous mind.

More than once he turned and glanced at the couple sitting so absorbed at the prominent table under the clustered lights. Once Brown caught his eye and nodded good naturedly. But Ned only glared coldly in return.

He made up his mind that when the meal was concluded he would walk up to Brown's table and—of course he would accomplish it quietly—tell Cynthia that he would escort her home.

He wondered if the blue gown was not at the bottom of it all. He had heard that women's heads were turned by beautiful clothes, and, although he had never thought much about such matters in connection with Cynthia, why, of course, it might happen to Cynthia, and, although his faith and trust in her were unbounded, still he blamed himself for putting temptation in her way in the shape of the blue gown.

As for her being with Brown, why, that was all right if she wanted to, he told himself with a sickly smile. She knew the Browns well, and it was very likely an accident that she and Brown had met in time for dinner.

All this argument was perfectly ridiculous in the face of the fact that he knew Cynthia detested the Browns heartily and that she was not in the habit of dressing herself in an elaborate gown and happening to meet masculine friends in fashionable restaurants. Moreover, at this hour Cynthia Harkness was more likely to be at home preparing a modest dinner or playing Chopin in the parlor of their little flat.

Still, there she was, and who could explain it?

"Well, Harkness, I don't know whether you're married or not, but if you're not you certainly must be dead in love," laughed Mr. Fanshaw at last.

"Why?" asked Ned, startled.

"Nothing, only you've called me 'Cynthia' three times."

"I beg your pardon," stammered Ned; "I was thinking of my wife."

"You're excused," smiled his guest, but Ned was careful after that to keep his wandering thoughts in check.

When they had concluded the meal they arose from the table just in time to see James Brown and his fair companion leave the restaurant. By the time they had reached the lobby of the hotel the pair had entered a taxicab and were driven away.

"There goes my ideal," murmured Fanshaw lightly as they paused at the cigar stand.

Ned was silent. In one brief hour the whole course of his life had changed. He would go home and face Cynthia and then tell her that if she was weary of him he would go away and efface himself from her sight forever. He had an uncle who was a missionary in central China, and there was a wide field for laborers there.

Merged as he was in these gloomy meditations, it is not strange that Mr. Fanshaw excused himself on plea of an engagement and went off to spend the evening in a music hall.

Ned plunged into the nearest subway station and went home.

It might be hours before Cynthia came home, and then again she might arrive within an hour, especially if she feared Ned's disapproval of her action in dining with Brown.

He climbed the stairs to the third floor of their modest apartment house and turned the key in the hall door. A dim light burned there, as usual, the faint red glow that always welcomed him home.

There was a busy humming sound from the dining room, a dear familiar sound that he could not associate with the wearer of the blue gown and the big black hat.

The sound belonged distinctly to Cynthia, his dear, busy little wife!

It was nothing less than Cynthia's sewing machine whirring away.

He pushed open the door and looked in, pale and haggard with his evening's dread.

The sewing machine was pushed under the central light, and at it sat Cynthia in her little blue house gown stitching merrily away at breadths of misty blue satin. A deep rose color stained her cheeks, and her dark brown hair curled distractingly around her pretty ears.

"Why, Ned!" she cried delightedly. "Now, don't be cross, dear, but I've a confession to make."

"I can guess what it is," said Ned grimly.

"Then you've been spying, and it's not fair!" she ponted. "I thought it was a great surprise."

"The biggest surprise I ever had," retorted Ned.

"Let me explain. You see, I got to thinking about the price of that blessed blue gown, and I knew I could duplicate it for one quarter of the price. Miss Cassidy will come tomorrow and help me. And so, when Mrs. Brown came this morning and fell in love with it and wanted to buy it, why, I just let her do it. But I told her I was going to duplicate it, but she doesn't care, for she isn't going to wear it at the same places I shall wear mine. She said they were going to dine at the Humboldt. By the way, dearie, did you have a good time?" Cynthia got up and tucked her hand in his arm.

"Fine time," he said hoarsely. "Cynthia, dear, I don't mind about your changing the gown. You are such a darling! How am I ever going to make up to you for what you are to me?"

Cynthia smiled demurely.

"Well, the next time you dine at the Humboldt and see the Browns don't be jealous of me, Ned. Maybe Mrs. Brown just went there out of mischief to bewilder you with that blue gown. I told her you were going there tonight."

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The Man She Met Abroad

He Was Not Acceptable to Her Father

By EDITH TOWNSEND

Paris, France, Oct. 3, 19—.

Dearest Papa—I have something awfully important to tell you. It's the most important thing in the world. Now, do be good and don't get upset. I know that you have never expected me to be married and all that, and you do expect that I'll be a good little girl and live with you and mamma always. And so I would if the finest, brightest, most intelligent, handsomest fellow in the world hadn't come along and asked me to be his wife. We met him in Switzerland, and he came here with us. Just think—he proposed to me in the gardens of the palace of Versailles! Wasn't that too lovely for anything?

He is obliged to return to America on the next steamer and will go at once to you to ask for me. He will also tell you all about himself, and I'm sure his account will agree with mine. Do be good to him for my sake. Your own loving

ELSIE.

"What did I ever let her go over there for to pick up some worthless globe trotter to come down on me for funds to keep him trotting? Something awfully important! I should think so! I told her mother to keep all such fellows away from her. But you can't trust a woman in such a matter. It takes a father to do that. 'Finest, brightest, most intelligent, handsomest.' What are you going to do with a girl who will tumble to the first mustache waxed nonentity that looks at her?"

Mr. Witridge after this soliloquy opened a letter from his wife giving a more coherent account of the man who was coming to ask for their daughter. He was an American, a young lawyer who had recently been admitted to the bar and was taking an outing before settling down to practice his profession. This was the substance of the report. There were many details, but none of the things said seemed to

"SHE LOVES ME AND ME ONLY."

make the father more inclined to be satisfied with what meant to him the loss of a daughter he loved so well.

A couple of weeks after the receipt of these letters Mr. Witridge stepped aboard the train he usually took to his home in the suburbs after business hours. He was not conscious of being followed by a young man who took the vacant seat beside him.

"How do you do, Mr. Witridge?" said the young man, with great cordiality.

The other looked up at him curiously, evidently not remembering him.

"Anything recently from Mrs. Witridge and Miss Elsie?"

"They're in Paris," was the brief reply.

"Paris is an attractive place for ladies. I fear we shall not get them home soon."

"They're coming on the next steamer."

"That must be gratifying to you. I suppose you find living alone rather dull?"

"I find it very dull indeed."

"You have an attractive daughter, Mr. Witridge."

"Yes; Elsie's a nice girl."

"I should think you would fear that some of those foreign chaps would fall in love with her and keep her there."

Now, Mr. Witridge was full of his daughter's engagement and ready to pour forth his dissatisfaction to some sympathetic listener. He had no remembrance of having seen this young man before, but he could not be expected to remember all his daughter's acquaintances, and his eyesight, as well as his memory, was not serving him as it had when he was younger.

"Elsie's engaged to an American," he said.

"Elsie engaged!" The speaker looked as if he had received a terrible blow. He appeared to control himself with difficulty.

"Pardon me!" he gasped. "I—I had hoped"—

Mr. Witridge surmised that he had encountered a disappointed suitor for his daughter.

"Have you known my daughter long?" he asked.

"Long! One does not need to know your daughter long to be assured of her inestimable worth."

"Let me see. I remember your face very well, but I have a way of forgetting names. You are"—

"Tickets!" cried the conductor. And both gentlemen plunged into their pockets, the younger neglecting to reply to the other's question. When the ticket had been taken up he said:

"Mr. Witridge, I confess that your announcement has affected me terribly. I dread being alone this evening. I don't know what I may do. I wish you would dine with me and keep me company till bedtime."

"My dear boy, come home with me. I am alone in a big house and will be delighted to entertain you."

So the unfortunate suitor went home with Mr. Witridge, and the two sat down together to dinner. The elder man had dined alone nearly every day since his wife and daughter had gone abroad, and it was a great comfort to him to have a companion. He was much pleased at his guest's appearance and thought that if Elsie had given her heart to such a man the pill would not have been so hard to swallow. Mr. Witridge regretted deeply that Elsie had not thought proper to listen to his suit.

"Did she encourage you?" he asked.

"Encourage me? That is not the way to put it. Had she not made this trip abroad all would have been different."

"I don't doubt it. I was opposed to her going. It's a mistake to expose girls to those broken down foreign fortune hunters and American globe trotters. If I had my way Elsie would have remained at home. But if you're ever married, young man, you'll find that your wife knows everything and you know nothing."

"I only ask to see your daughter once to win her away from this fellow. She loves me and me only. Doubtless sightseeing together abroad, dawdling in picture galleries, boating on the Italian lakes with him, have made her think that she has found a new love. As soon as she gets away from his influence she may very easily be brought under mine."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do. I am perfectly confident that in the bottom of my heart she loves me and me only."

"Well, young man," he said resolutely, "if you wish to renew your addresses to my daughter when she comes home all I have to say is that you can count on all the influence I have in this family—it's not much, I admit—to help you. You're a gentleman, every inch of you. I'd much rather have Elsie marry a man I've seen and like—yes, I like you first rate—than one I've never heard of before."

The guest reached across the table and fervently pressed the speaker's hand.

"What are you going to do in the matter?" asked Mr. Witridge presently.

"I will meet your daughter at the dock when she lands and be guided by circumstances."

"But likely you'll find the other fellow there too. He's in America. Elsie wrote he was to come over before her. I've been expecting him every day to come and ask me for her."

"Leave all that to me. He won't interfere with my meeting Elsie. Any one has a right to do that."

"But are you sure you can manage it all?"

"Perfectly."

"You were not engaged when Elsie went away, were you?"

"No."

"Then why are you so sure?"

"Simply because Elsie loves me, and no man on earth can take her away from me unless temporarily. As I have said, she has been under other influences; then, too, she is very young."

"Young! I should think so! She should be in the nursery instead of traipsing around Europe, exposed to every impoverished scamp who comes along."

Before the evening was over the guest promised that if he should win Elsie he would make his home in the same street—next door, if possible, to her former home—and Mr. Witridge, under the genial influence of a good dinner, assured him that he would rather have him for a son-in-law than any man living. The guest was pressed to stay all night; but, realizing that his host might in the morning be less genial, he declined and returned to the city.

In due time Mrs. Witridge and her daughter arrived, and her father's dinner companion met them at the pier, it having been arranged between him and the old gentleman that the latter should keep out of the way.

"I've met your father, and he is mine," said the young man.

"You don't mean that he has consented"—

"I do."

"How did you ever do it?"

The lover told the story on the way to the lady's home and how he had made a friend of Mr. Witridge and secured his consent that he should cut the other fellow out with the father's promised assistance.

Soon after her arrival Elsie Witridge informed her father that as a dutiful daughter she would marry the man of his choice. Mr. Farnsworth, the accepted suitor, called and was received by all the family with open arms. For some time Mr. Witridge made frequent allusions to that chap his daughter met abroad, wondering why he had not called to ask for her and intimating that if he had done so he would have been peremptorily refused. Mrs. Witridge and her daughter at such times maintained a discreet silence, declining to discuss the matter. The Farnsworths have been married two years, and Mr. Witridge is still ignorant of the way his consent was gained to his daughter's marriage with the man she met abroad.

PIONEER OF PROGRESS.

Organized labor has offered more feasible solutions of the vexatious problems that confront the people than any other economic institution. The great issues of today were born and nurtured and raised in the trade union movement despite the fact that political parties now claim them as their own.

The trade union movement is the most progressive, steadfast and uncompromising champion of democracy of our day. Without the watchful, tireless vigilance of this great movement the progress and improvement of the world must have been much slower and fraught with greater hardships and miseries on the part of the mass of the people. Without the vigorous opposition to greed, selfishness and vanity engendered in the organizations of the toilers there is no prophet wise enough to tell us what the present condition of the people must have been.

A SIGN OF PROGRESS.

Labor Movement Has Outgrown Need of Artificial Stimulants.

There was no parade of workers in Chicago on last Labor day, and the Chicago Tribune had the following to say about the discontinuance of a traditional custom:

The discarding of the Labor day parade in this city may be interpreted by superficial observers as a waning of the force and influence of labor. Yet the reverse is the lesson to be drawn. It shows the advance the labor movement has made in this country. The road to progress leads over broken traditions.

When the labor movement in the United States was young it needed brass bands and showy uniforms and drills and marching to keep its followers together—at times even to keep their courage up. All of these artificial organization stimulants have been outgrown by the working masses. Today the workers in every trade have weekly and monthly journals which give them lessons regularly not only in organization, but in the economics of their trade, of their home and their shop. The labor literature of this country is also doing extremely effective work in giving the masses a civic education. With the aid of these journals the labor hosts of the United States are gaining a deep insight into the needs and the problems of the nation. The laboring man of today is thinking as he has never done before. He is coming into the vanguard of American citizenship. The discarding of the Labor day parade is only one of the many symptoms of his growing mental breadth and independence.

Germany has always prided herself upon the education of her working masses—education not as measured by public school diplomas, but education in citizenship, in civics. The German workman is now having a close second in the laboring man of America. Before long he may be superseded.

CHEAP LABOR COSTLY.

Statistics Prove That Poorly Paid Toil Is Usually Inefficient.

Twenty years ago Dr. Schulze-Gaevernitz published an analysis of the cotton industry of his own country and England, and he showed that while six or seven persons per 1,000 spindles were employed in German spinning mills, the number in English mills was scarcely three. English wages were higher than the German, but less than half the number of persons were employed for a given amount of machinery. Since then Germany has been gaining rapidly on England in all forms of production, but, then, German wages have been increasing too.

Some Indian and Japanese statistics have been published in recent years indicating the employment of about twenty-five persons per 1,000 spindles in India and about the same number in Japan per shift, the practice there being to run the mills day and night. This is three or four times the number employed in Germany and eight times the number employed in England. Such a disparity in the number of hands tends to wipe out all differences in rates of pay.

Unfortunately, United States census reports do not give separately the number of persons employed in spinning and weaving cotton. All employes of cotton mills are combined and the number of persons employed to care for ten looms, or 1,000 spindles, is not to be calculated. Hence, it is not possible to make comparisons with the other countries mentioned as to the labor costs of production. The figures given, however, are a fair indication that cheap labor is often the most expensive because of its relative inefficiency.

Chicago Engineers Lose.

The report of the board of arbitration hearing the differences between the engineers and the officials of the Belt line and the Chicago and Western Indiana railroads gives the railroads almost a complete victory. The report was filed in the United States district court at Chicago. On the question of the demands of the engineers for more pay the board reported not only were the roads justified in not granting higher wages to the engineers, but that the two roads already were paying their engineers higher wages than are four-fifths of the roads whose representatives were placed on the witness stand.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BIBLE STUDY ON

GOD BURIED MOSES, HIS SERVANT.

Deuteronomy 34:1-12—Nov. 16.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Psalm 116:15.

MOSES is one of the grand characters of history. His nobility looms up as a great patriot, general, judge and ruler of his people; and still grander does he appear in his relationship toward God. He was the personification of obedience and loyalty as a servant of Jehovah. In this he typifies Messiah. As we read, "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you from amongst your brethren like unto me"—I am a diminutive picture of that great Teacher, Leader and King whom Jehovah has anointed to be the real Deliverer of Israel and the world from the bondage of Satan, sin and death.

Moses Smote It the Second Time.

Any one can see that great faith in God was necessary for the position occupied by Moses. But comparatively few can see the real depths of Moses' character; for only a few realize the Divine call to Israel and Moses' work as their mediator.

Moses, the Servant of God.

We cannot help feeling sympathetic toward this grand servant of God—"the meekest man in all the earth." After so many years of patience, long-suffering and loyalty to God, in an unguarded moment, Israel's great mediator failed in meekness and loyalty. Directed by the Lord to speak to the rock, which on a previous occasion he had smitten, Moses petulantly smote it the second time.

The rock whence came the life-giving stream represented the Rock of Ages—Messiah, who was to be smitten once more. Compare Hebrews 6:4-6.

The fact that Moses was used as a type of the Second Death class in no sense implies that he experienced the Second Death or cut himself off from Divine favor. The punishment he received merely helped to complete the typical picture—he might not enter Canaan.

Canaan Viewed From Mt. Pisgah.

Pisgah is one of the peaks of Mt. Nebo. From it Moses got a view of the Promised Land, toward which his eye of faith had looked for eighty years and toward which he had laboriously guided Israel for forty years. This grand old servant of God, fully resigned to the Divine arrangement, was put to sleep by the Lord whom he served.

Moses' sepulchre was hidden—doubtless to prevent anything of the spirit of idolatry. St. Jude declares that Satan strove for possession of Moses' body, doubtless with a view to using it in some idolatrous way.

Moses Died and Was Buried.

We are not to overlook the fact that Moses died, and will not live again until the Divinely appointed time when, under Messiah's Kingdom, he will be resurrected. Meantime he has slept with his fathers, as the Bible generally records of all who died.

The account of the transfiguration of our Lord and the appearance of Moses and Elias with Him in that vision must not be made to contradict the statement that Moses *died* and that the only hope for any one is by a resurrection from the dead. (1 Corinthians 15:13,14.) We have Jesus' own word for it that neither Moses nor Elijah went to Heaven. He declared, "No man hath ascended up to Heaven."—John 3:13.

Jesus explained that what the disciples saw was a vision. "Tell the vision to no man." (Matthew 17:9.) Just so the trumpets, beasts, etc., of Revelation are not realities, but visions. St. Peter, who witnessed the vision, declares that it was a representation of Messiah's Kingdom. (2 Peter 1:16-18.) Moses represented one class and Elijah another, as participators with Jesus in His Messianic glory.

God's Promise to Abraham.

At the foundation of all God's dealings with both Natural and Spiritual Israel lies His great, oath-bound Promise to Abraham—"In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." This was the first clear statement of God's purpose to remove the curse of death. From the very beginning He had premeditated sending the Lamb of God to redeem the world and to bring in a blessing instead of the curse. Yet the first clear statement of this Divine purpose was made to Abraham, that himself and his posterity should be associated with God in the work of human uplift.

Satan Strove For Moses' Body.

In due time the Logos became Jesus and sacrificially laid down His life. To Him were gathered the "Israelites indeed," to share in His sufferings and death and to be made partakers of His glory. These with Jesus are to constitute the antitypical Moses, raised up from amongst their brethren. Not enough of such "Israelites indeed" being found, Divine Wisdom has been selecting others from amongst the Gentiles. Thus gradually God has been preparing the great Prophet, Priest and King, to be the great Mediator.

Daly City Record

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By J. L. BROWN

Entered at the post office of Daly City, Cal., as Second-class matter, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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DALY CITY, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER 14, 1913

NEW MEN AT THE HELM OF THE LEADER

The change in ownership of the San Mateo Leader prompts Brother Pinckney of the Times to welcome the new proprietors, A. P. Bellisle and J. D. Bromfield, "to a field of honest competition and friendly rivalry." Working with this spirit and including a true fraternal feeling San Mateo newspapers will all thrive. Welcome, gentlemen, and good luck. And, Mr. Morse, good luck to you, too.

PROTECTING AMERICAN LABOR

A sugar factory at Chico complains of the reduction of the tariff on sugar and the management says it will close the establishment. Here is what the Chico Enterprise says about it: "Many of the Chico merchants declare that the closing of the factory will be a benefit to Chico, in that it will send the Hindus to other parts of the State, do away with cheap labor, leave large tracts of land available for agricultural purposes and eliminate from this section an undesirable element." This illustrates how American labor was protected by the tariff.

HIGH SCHOOL AGRICULTURAL CLUBS

The University of California is urging the establishment of agricultural clubs in each high school throughout the State. This is a movement that can be made of much benefit to the entire country. While it is true a number of clubs might be organized in high schools, and but little good come from such clubs, yet on the other hand there is a possibility of great good coming from them. These high school clubs could keep in touch with the experiment stations and with the agricultural schools, they could make visits to neighboring orchards, farms and ranches, and learn from observation the best methods and means. It is unquestionably a step in the right direction.

A NOTABLE STATE

The following notice is taken from a North Carolina newspaper:

NOTICE

My wife, Emily. has left me and refuses to return. This is to notify all persons not to harbor her or in any way render her assistance. Anyone harboring or employing her will have to suffer the penalty of the law.

This October 11, 1913. SIMON WOOTEN.

North Carolina is also noted for its freedom from child labor and eight-hour laws and the absence of labor unions and other things calculated to interfere with the divine right of vested interests.

If you are "in the dumps" and feel that this Thanksgiving Day is to be a hollow mockery because you are "broke" or ill or disappointed in love, cheer up. You can be thankful that you don't live in North Carolina.

If Edgar C. Humphrey, a Menlo Park commuter for 22 years, has revealed the true facts regarding the alleged "train fare reductions"—and his arguments and figures as presented on our first page seem incontrovertible—then the greatly cherished bubble of the San Mateo County Development Association is exploded, for they have made great boasts of how they saved the peninsula commuters $60,000 annually, especially when they have been asking the Board of Supervisors for appropriations.

The news dispatches report the mine guards in Colorado "playing the monster searchlights on the tent cities of the miners all night," and at the same time insist that the miners are the aggressors in all the troubles there. If there is anything more irritating than a searchlight constantly flashing in one's face, we don't know what it is. It isn't any wonder that the miners take a pot shot at it once in a while.

There is a persistent rumor of a daily paper for San Mateo, but we have been unable to identify the publishers-to-be. Everyone who could be even remotely suspected of having such designs has entered a denial, but the rumor still persists. Can it be that Mike de Young and Bill Hearst are going to slide the Call in on us, having failed to make it "go" in San Francisco?

The meat trust is appealing to small farmers to raise two or three cattle apiece to prevent a shortage. And just as soon as the small farmers do that, the beef trust will reduce prices—to the small farmers.—Cleveland Press.

A live weekly for live people
Growing livelier every day
All the news truthfully told

DALY CITY DADS

Just About The Regular Grind---More Tax Complaints---Street Improvement Ordinance Introduced

The Daly City Board of Trustees met Monday evening in regular session with all the members present except Clerk Geo. N. Smith, and H. H. Smith acted as clerk for the evening.

The all-absorbing talk of excessive assessments occupied considerable time in letters of protest and comments upon same.

The Daly City Athletic Club made application for a permit to hold a sparring contest at Coffroth's Arena between Jimmy Clabby and Frank Logna on November 27, with a list of twenty special policemen, which was approved.

Imsand Bros. asked permission to transfer their liquor license to the arena on November 27 and the same was granted on payment of $5.

A long ordinance regarding street improvements was passed to its second reading and will come up for final action two weeks hence. This is an ordinance that vitally interests every property owner in Daly City and should be published so that everybody can carefully study it. But it won't, for the same cause that made a certain trustee to sneer at the objection to having I. W. W. posters smeared all over a church.

A communication was received from the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., asking that they be permitted to put up a cash bond of $50 for installation of services. Granted.

The Board of Health ordinance was passed and the personnel of the Board will probably be decided at the next meeting.

Attorney Morris stated that the State Highway Commission claims jurisdiction over 50 feet of street up to the curbs.

Treasurer Sheehan reported a balance on hand of $819.17 and later in the evening bills were allowed for over $700. Treasurer Sheehan was authorized to procure needed books for keeping proper account of water bond funds.

It was urged that Daly City tax payers must be employed on putting in water mains, because they pay the taxes that make the work possible and at the same time live in Daly City and support our business men, but nothing was mentioned about the printing being given to a Daly City citizen, who is ever on the job when it comes to boosting every laudable home enterprise and spends his money exclusively with Daly City merchants. But then comes that "commission" thought again, as a possible barrier.

The cow suits were reported to be in good condition, Morris stating that if any dilatory tactics were used he will cause daily arrests of the offenders on new charges.

Somebody stated that Bloom was saying that he has a permit from the Highway Commission to install a 3-inch water main from Los Angeles avenue to Orange avenue. That is practically a franchise and if the Highway Commission is thus outraging Daly City people, it is high time they were called down good and proper.

T. Sheehan spoke of chuckholes on Irvington street caused by the heavy traffic since the work on lower Mission street commenced and that the heavy traffic should be compelled to pass along Mission, the same as all traffic had to do when the work was under way between the hilltop and Orange avenue. Doc. Castle said a lot of good rock for these chuckholes could be obtained at the top of Hillcrest drive.

Trustee Green said that he could not see that the street work expense had diminished since the State Highway was put in thus relieving the city of all care of Mission Road.

Gust Johnson urged that a steam roller should be run over Theta, Vista and Park avenues to smooth them down.

One illegal bid was received from some city printing firm for printing water bonds—illegal because the advertising for bids was not done in Daly City or even in San Mateo county. At the meeting two weeks before the motion was made that the advertising for printing bids be done in the Daly City Record.

A representative of the Rocklin Construction Co. demanded a permit to put in certain curbing on Mission street and received no satisfaction, other than that an ordinance was now pending governing such work, and even after said ordinance is passed then a grade must first be established. A Mission street property owner protested against this fellow getting a permit at all, stating as reasons that the fellow had secured signatures for the contracts by misrepresentations and furthermore that a petition was already on file with the board that had been favorably acted upon, providing for the improvement of the entire Mission street curbing and sidewalks from one end to the other and on both sides of the street, and that he did not believe the Board of Trustees would stultify themselves by giving permits that will interfere with the provisions of the petition on file, that will be worth many thousands of dollars to every property owner of Daly City, while patched up work such as the Rocklin Co. propose will actually be a detriment to everybody.

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

County of San Mateo. } ss.
State of California, }

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the County of San Mateo, State of California, under the firm, name and style of M. BELLI & CO.; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership, and their respective places of residence are:

Ernesta Belli, residing at Colma, County of San Mateo, California.

Evo Antraccoli, residing at Colma, County of San Mateo, California.

Urbano Granucci, residing at Colma, County of San Mateo, California.

And we further certify that there is no other partner, or partners interested in, concerned with or sharing the profits of such partnership. That our principal place of business is at Colma, in said County of San Mateo.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 17th day of October, A. D, 1913.

ERNESTA BELLI (SEAL).
EVO ANTRACCOLI (SEAL).
URBANO GRANUCCI (SEAL).

State of California, } ss.
County of San Mateo. }

On this 17th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirteen, before me, Henry Ward Brown, a Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Ernesta Belli, Evo Antraccoli, and Urbano Granucci, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the annexed and foregoing instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the County of San Mateo, State of California, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

HENRY WARD BROWN,
Notary Public in and for
(SEAL) the County of San Mateo,
State of California.

(ENDORSED)

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of San Mateo County, Cal., October 28, 1913.

JOS. H. NASH,
County Clerk.

By E. L. FALVEY, Deputy Clerk.

This notice first appeared in the Daly City Record Friday, October 31, 1913, and continued five (5) times.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo.

PROBATE.

In the matter of the Estate of John I. Hogan, Deceased. No. 1690.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Thomas J. Hogan, administrator of the estate of the said John I. Hogan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, or his estate, to exhibit and present them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (made October 24th, 1913) to the administrator of said estate, at the law office of Henry Ward Brown, on Washington street, between Dunks and Briggs streets, in Colma, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being the place hereby designated by said administrator for the transaction of the business of the said estate of John I. Hogan, deceased.

Dated, October 24th, 1913.

THOMAS J. HOGAN,
Administrator of the Estate of
John I. Hogan, deceased.

Henry Ward Brown, Attorney for said Administrator, Colma, San Mateo County, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo.

PROBATE.

In the matter of the Estate of Annie Erwin, Deceased. No. 1698.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Andrew L. Erwin, administrator of the estate of the said Annie Erwin, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, or her estate, to exhibit and present them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (made October 10th, 1913) to the administrator of said estate, at the law office of Henry Ward Brown, on Washington street, between Dunks and Briggs streets, in Colma, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being the place hereby designated by said administrator for the transaction of the business of the estate of said Annie Erwin, deceased.

ANDREW L. ERWIN,
Administrator of the Estate of
Annie Erwin, deceased.

Dated, October 10th, 1913.

Henry Ward Brown, attorney for said Administrator, Colma, San Mateo County, Cal.

Tell us that Local News or Society Item.

Patronize the

VISTA GRANDE BAKERY,

where your goods are manufactured in a place that is clean, sanitary and above ground, from the

CHOICEST OF MATERIALS

and by the best bakers.

Try my
GENUINE FRENCH BREAD

Vista Grande Grocery & Bakery

A. VOGLER

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Good Meat

Such as Is Sold By the

Pacific Meat Company

First Township

Only United States Government Inspected Meats

BEN S. GREEN

The Daly City Cafe

GEORGE PAPPAS, Prop.

Strictly First-class and Respectable

Corner Mission Road and Hillcrest Drive

PAINTS ENAMELS THE ACME QUALITY KIND STAINS VARNISHES

When You Buy Paint Here

it is like buying directly from the company operating the largest paint and varnish plant in the world—the makers of the "Acme Quality" paints, enamels, stains, varnishes. You can get exactly what you want in the

ACME QUALITY

kind for touching things up, painting inside or outside, or for any other use. In buying, ask for the new authority—"The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book."

SPRING VALLEY LUMBER YARD

2401 San Jose Ave. SAN FRANCISCO

Daly City Record

ELLIS C. JOHNSON
Justice of the Peace
Notary Public

Deeds, Contracts, etc., correctly drawn up.
Agent Ætna Fire Insurance Company
Phone Mission 6606
162 Mission Road Daly City

THE BOULEVARD

Mission Road & School St.

Case Goods A Specialty

GAS KITCHEN CALE COAKLEY, Pr

Daly City Record

LOCAL PAGE

State Officials

Governor—Hiram W. Johnson.
Lieutenant Governor—Albert J. Wallace.
Secretary of State—Frank C. Jordan.
State Controller—
State Treasurer—E. D. Roberts.
Attorney General—U. S. Webb.
Surveyor General—W. S. Kingsbury.
State Printer—F. W. Richardson.
Supt. of Public Instruction—Edward Hyatt.
Adjutant General—E. A. Forbes.

RAILROAD COMMISSION
President—John M .Eastman.
Commissioners—Harvey D. Loveland, Alex. Gordon, Edwin O. Edgerton, Max Thelen.

STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION
Burton A. Towne, Charles D. Blaney, N. D. Darlington.

County Officials

Judge of Superior Court.....George H. Buck
District Attorney.....Franklin Swart
Sheriff.....Joseph H. Mansfield
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain
Auditor.....Harry Underhill
Recorder.....H. O. Heiner
Tax and Liecnse Collector.....A. McSweeney
Assessor.....C. D. Hayward
Supt. of Public Schools.....Roy W. Cloud
Sureyor.....James V. Neuman
Coroner and Public Admr.....H. G. Plymire
Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie
Assemblyman.....Henry Ward Brown

SUPERVISORS
First District.....James T. Casey, Colma
Second District...Wm. H. Brown, San Mateo
Third District.....John MacBain, Menlo Park
Fourth District..J. M. Francis, Halfmoon Bay
Fifth District....D. E. Blackburn, Pescadero

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE
First District

Ellis C. Johnson.....Daly City
John F. Davis.....San Bruno

CONSTABLES—First District
J. H. Parker.....Daly City
J. C. Wallace.....South San Francisco

Daly City Officials

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Burton C. Ross, President
Edward Freyer
A. J. Green
Charles L. Biebel
C. A. Landini

City Attorney, J. H. Morris
Recorder, Ellis C. Johnson
Treasurer, T. Sheehan
Clerk, George L. Smith
Marshal, Eugene J. Lucey
Poundmaster, J. J. Sullivan

DALY CITY POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open daily from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays and holidays from 8 A. M. to 10 A. M. Outgoing mails close 6 A. M. and 6 P. M. Mail arrives at 7 A. M. and 7 P. M.

HAZEL C. RUSSELL,
Postmistress.

COLMA POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open daily from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.
Money order window opened from 8 a. m. to 5.45 p. m.
Letters for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the time for closing the mail.
Mails are dispatched from office 15 minutes before train time.
Outgoing mail leaves as follows:
7.08 a. m.
1.10 p. m.
6.49 p. m.
Mails arriving at this office are as follows:
6.05 a. m.
11.56 a. m.
5.55 p. m.

JOSEPHINE ARMANINO,
Postmistress.

For Sale—I will sell my Belgian hares and pens cheap. Enquire at post office. *

For Sale—A 1913 Indian motorcycle, fully equipped; price $220. Enquire at 145 Santa Ana avenue, Daly City. *

DON'T MONKEY with the Cheap Printer. It costs you more in the long run. Pay us legitimate union prices for good work and get satisfaction. *

Dr. F. Bush's dental office is No. 420 Mission road. Office hours 10:30 to 5.30 p. m. except Wednesdays. Evenings by appointment Sundays 10 to 12. *

Those sending in local items will greatly increase the interest by giving the initials of people mentioned. Doing so will add value to the item and be far more satisfactory to every reader.

PAY UP!!—Quite a number of our subscribers owe for the paper. The amounts are small but when several hundred of them are added together the amount would be sufficiently large to cover all our obligations, which is what we desire.

Thanksgiving Ball—Company No. 2 of the Daly City Volunteer Fire Department has engaged Knowles' Hall for Thanksgiving eve, November 26, 1913, when the members will give another of their grand annual balls. First class union music. Tickets 25 cents. tf *

The honest way to discontinue a subscription to a newspaper is to first pay the small amount you owe. Thus you will retain the respect of the editor and guard your own peace of mind. To do otherwise, such as ordering the postmaster to notify the publisher that the paper is "refused," is cowardly, sneaking as a snake thief, and worse than highway robbery.

Mrs. Jennie Cairnes spent the week end in Oakland with friends.

James Bennett is erecting a house near the foot of Los Olivos avenue.

J. M. Pitts is away on a week's trip to the Feather river, above Oroville.

Mrs. T. Zingg, mother of Mrs. J. H. Parker, returned to her home in San Jose last week.

Mrs. Geo. Gill, daughter of Mrs. Gegax, gave birth to a baby daughter Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Charles Fisher underwent a successful operation at her home on Park avenue last Tuesday.

The Women's Improvement Club meets at Judge Johnson's courtroom every Thursday afternoon.

Two acres of land with new 5-room house at foot of Fifth avenue for sale or lease. Custer-Martin, 702 Market street, San Francisco. *

The recent rains have caused our hillsides to don a beautiful coat of green, making the scenery of Daly City exquisitely beautiful.

Palms and Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs and anything in this line—John Wohlers, Nurseryhan, School Street Boulevard, Colma.

Mrs. Ivan Eade's sister, Mrs. Fox of Jackson, Illinois, arrived last week and remained several days and then went to Sacramento, where she will make her future home.

Mrs. Adolph Menl entertained friends Thursday, consisting of Mrs. H. H. Smith, Mrs. H. C. Rothwell, Mrs. W. L. McKay, Mrs. Katherine Cairns and Mrs. Edward Freyer.

Cornelius Mundelius, whom the Record recently reported as being quite ill in a San Francisco hospital, has sufficiently recovered so that he has returned home and is able to be on the street.

Mrs. H. Wilcox, daughter of Mrs. and P. H. Moller, 6146 Mission street, Daly City, is convalescent and doing fine at St. Luke's Hospital, where she underwent an operation for apendicitis last week.

The funeral of Charles H. Conserva, who died in Colma Friday, aged 58 years, took place Tuesday afternoon and the remains were laid to rest in Mount Olivet, with a large number of sincere friends to take part in the last sad rites.

Mrs. Eloise S. d'Velez gave a luncheon to friends last Monday evening. Those present were Mrs. and Charles Cairns, Mrs. and James Cairns and their son, Cecil, Mrs. Hazel Russell and Mr. Palmer of San Francisco.

Mrs. Honeybee McKenzie of Sacramento, after spending a few days last week visiting in Daly City, left for her home Friday evening and was accompanied across the bay by Miss Lilla Harris and Master Ralph Ervine Brown.

To complete the files of the Daly City Record we desire a copy of the issue of March 14, 1913. If any of our subscribers have a copy of that issue, they will confer a favor by sending asme to this office, for which we will be pleased to reciprocate.

Mrs. B. F. Jarvis has returned from Fort Bragg, where she has been for the past three months, and is occupying her cottage at 150 Santa Ana avenue. Mr. Jarvis will remain in Mendocino City for awile, where he is working at his trade.

A story is told of a man who had insured his building at noon and at 3 p. m. of the same day it was destroyed by fire. There was no evidence of incindiaryism, but the insurance adjuster jestingly asked: "Why the delay?" to which the man with ready wit replied: "Why, I had to go to lunch."

Rev. W. O. Woolever, pastor of the Bethany M. E. Church of San Francisco, will until a regular pastor is appointed, hold service at the Vista Grande M. E. Church at 11 a. m. the first Sunday and at 7:30 p. m. the third Sunday of each month. Also every Thursday evening. These services will begin next Sunday at 11 a. m. and everybody is invited to attend.

The dance given last Saturday evening at Knowles Hall by the Ladies' Improvement Club was largely attended and a perfect success in every particular. The committee to whom is due the success of the affair was Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Edward Freyer, Mrs. Devlin, Mrs. Peter Keller, Mrs C. A Landini, Mrs C. Smith. Mrs. H. F. Secor supplied the exquisitely fine music with a couple of assistants.

There will be a special entertainment at the Peninsula Theatre, corner of Mission street and Templeton avenue, on Saturday evening, November 29, given under the auspices of Father Cooper and St. Michael's parish. Every possible effort will be made to make the entertainment first-class and pleasing to those who attend. The tickets are on sale by the young ladies of the parish and with each there will be a coupon entitling the holder to a chance of winning a large turkey.

"Ish Ker Bibble"

And now the Tattler is threatened with dire vengeance from the little element of rule-or-ruiners, whom the Record has been proud to class as its enemies for a long time. Failing in one of their characteristic infamous attempts to steal Robbie Behre's paper, they now threaten to start another paper. The Tattler says in substance "I should worry" in the two following paragraphs:

"The Tattler's determination to deal in fair play has resulted in several awkward attempts to trip up the editors. But the communication trapnests were handled to a nicety, so we're still in possession of our Saegenbuck. So 'ish ker bibble.'"

"A well founded rumor has it that there si to be a new paper issued shortly, possibly in the course of two months. The same will be published presumably in the Crocker tract. Gee, but the Tattler is getting nervous. See it shake with fear? Yes, notice how nervous the Tattler is NOT."

Mission Street Improvement

The United Railroads has a large force of men at work tearing up and rebuilding the track between Sickles avenue and the top of the hill, preparatory to paving their portion of the street so that the State Highway work may proceed. Flynn & Tracy have nearly completed their work between the top of the hill and Orange avenue and are now putting on the finishing touches on the only remaining strip, east of the United Railroads' tracks. Daly City will soon have the principal portion of its fond dream realized, and then will follow the granite curbs and cement sidewalks on both sides of Mission from the San Francisco city limits to Orange avenue, making it one of the most substantial and beautiful streets in California and add many thousands of dollars in value to all Daly City property.

Last Wednesday Mrs. W. M. Talbott gave a luncheon to a few of her friends, consisting of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ernest Ferguson, Mrs. Jess Shepherd, Miss McDugal, sister of City Treasurer McDugal of San Francisco, Mr. C. W. Butler and a nephew of Mrs. Talbott's from Portland, Oregon.

Urbono Grannucci, of the firm of M. Belli & Co., Colma, left last Sunday morning for Lucca per Marlia, Toscany, Italy, to be gone from three to six months. The Record joins his many friends in wishing him a safe and pleasant journey. To keep in touch with affairs of interest at home Mr. Grannucci has ordered the Record mailed regularly.

About eight o'clock Friday night the paint store of H. Shapiro, on Knowles avenue, was discovered to be on fire, but our valiant fire laddies were there in double-quick time and extinguished the flames with a chemical engine. The damage to the stock including a large supply of wall paper was quite heavy, though the building escaped with little loss. Covered by insurance.

"The Bungalow" at Millbrae has changed hands, George Vincent having sold to Messrs. Fappino & Daniels of San Francisco, who took charge Saturday. Mr. Vincent called at the Index office Monday and said he contemplates engaging in business in one of the coast side towns.

Truth wears such a homely garb that some folks refuse to be seen in its company.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP, ETC.

Notice is hereby given that all common nudertakings, businesses and partnerships heretofore existing or intended to be established by or between ANDREW VIRENO and MARCELLO VERNENGO, whether conducted, or so to be, under the style "A. VIRENO AND CO.," "A.VIRENO'S WINE VAULTS," "VIRENO'S WINE VAULTS," or otherwise, with headquarters in Daly City, California, have been mutually dissolved this 15th day of October, 1913. ANDREW VIRENO.

Thi notice first appeared in the Daly City Record, Friday, October 31, 1913, and then on November 7, 1913.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., October 1, 1913 of the

DALY CITY RECORD

published weekly at DALY CITY, CAL., required by Act of August 24, 1912.

NOTE.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

Editor,—J. L. Brown, 111 Theta avenue
Managing Editor.—J. L. Brown.
Business Manager.—J. L. Brown.
Publisher,—J. L. Brown.
Owner,—J. L. Brown, 111 Theta avenue.
Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: NONE.

Signed, J. L. BROWN, Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1913,

ELLIS JOHNSON,
(SEAL) Notary Public
My commission expires January 11, 1915.

TAX PROTEST

So much has been said and the complaints are so widespread on account of the iniquitous doubling of Daly City valuations and consequent excessive city taxes, that the Record has been appealed to many times for information on the subject.

To EUGENE J. LUCEY,
TAX COLLECTOR OF DALY CITY:

Dear Sir:

The undersigned, the owner of the property hereinafter described, hereby protests against the payment to you of the sum of (1) .....Dollars, ($.....), being (a) both installment.... of taxes for (b) first (c) second the fiscal year, 1913-1914; levied and assessed by Daly City upon the real property situated in said Daly City and described as follows, to-wit: (2)

Lot.... No. .....Block.... No. .....
..... Tract.

And for ground for protest the undersigned specifies:

(1) That the assessment on said property hereinabove described, made by the Assessor of said Daly City, and on which the said taxes are computed is a sum far greater than the value of said property.

(2) That the said assessment is excessive, and far in excess of the value of said property and was made without sufficient investigation and appraisement by the Assessor of said Daly City.

(3) That the Assessor of said Daly City failed to make any examination whatever of any of the property of protestant so assessed, and hereinabove described, and that said assessment is illegal by reason of such failure.

(4) That the rate heretofore levied by the Board of Trustees of said City of Daly City is excessive and far in excess of the needs of the said Daly City for the year 1913-1914; and that the Board of Equalization acted in bad faith in the fixing of the tax rate in that they fixed the rate for the year 1913-1914 at one half of said present rate at a meting of said Board duly called and held, and thereafter raised said rate without notice to any tax-payer of said Daly City.

.....
Protestant.

DATE: ....., 1913.

INSTRUCTIONS: (1) Insert after (1) the actual amount of taxes paid. If both installments are paid, draw a line through (b) and (c). If the first installment only is paid, draw a line through (a) and (c). If the second installment only is paid, draw a line through (a) and (b).
(2) Insert description of property assessed and on which the tax is paid.

The only possible way to ever get redress is to file a protest when you pay your taxes, and for the benefit of the people the Record has printed a supply of protests, which read as follows:

Either cut this from the paper or come and get the regular printed copy or copies if you wish them for your neighbor and file them with Mr. Lucey as directed.

NEW

PENINSULA THEATRE

DALY CITY'S
SPLENDID
Vaudeville and Movies

Cor. Mission a Templeton

This Play House is equal in its productions of Fine Pictures and Vaudeville Sketches to any place in San Francisco and the crowds each evening are idicative of the appreciative shown by th people.

JUST GO ONE EVENING AND BE CONVINCED

ANGELO SELMI
THE
LEADING
GROCER

Fruit & Vegetable Dealer

Goods Delivered Everywhere and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

DALY CITY CALIFORNIA

JOHN HENNESSY
DEALER IN
COAL
AND
FEED

253 Sickles Ave. Phone Mission 8100

Ocean View, S. F.

Daly City Postoffice

Postoffice open daily from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays and holidays from 8 A. M. to 10 A. M. Outgoing mails close 6 A. M. and 6 P. M. Mail arrives at 7 A. M. and 7 P. M.

HAZEL C. RUSSELL
Postmistress.

Colma Pioneer Merchandise Store
M. & S. BELLI & CO.
Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Hats
Wines and Liquors. Hay, Grain, Feed, General Merchandise
Importers of Pure Italian Olive Oil.
Branch at Hillcrest. Public Tel. Station. COLMA

White is King

The very BEST all-round Family Sewing Machine that can be produced. Made in ROTARY and VIBRATOR styles.

The rotary makes both Lock and Chain stitch. The very latest up-to-the-minute steel atachments with each machine. Sold on easy paymcnts. Seod name any address for our beautiful H. T. Catalogue Free.

HITE SEWING MACHINE CO.
1460 Market St
SAN FRANCISO

SOCIAL EVENTS are so interesting to the readers of a local newspaper that the Index and Record is particularly desirous of mentioning them, and we wish everyone to bear this in mind and inform us of everything of that nature coming under their observation, either past or prospective. Please address "Society Editor" and sign your name—not for publication unless you wish it—but as a guarantee of good faith. Such announcements should reach this office not later than 9 P. M. Tuesday of each week, in order to insure insertion.

If it's printed—we can do the trick to perfection. Phone San Mateo 85, or call at 316 B street.

A Case of Alibi

It Was Very Hard to Prove

By EDWARD L. WALKER

When the war between the states closed more than a million men ceased to be soldiers. A man may be theoretically turned from a soldier to a citizen by the stroke of a pen, but the effects of the life he has lived as a campaigner will cling to him. He can't understand why houses should be locked overnight, and yet the ordinary dangers incurred in cities bother him. The humdrum of civil life is irksome to him, and he pines again for the varied scenes of war.

Sergeant Charlie Young of the —th Pennsylvania volunteer cavalry, having been mustered out of the military service of the United States, finding civilized life tame, irksome and altogether unbearable, concluded to go to what was then called the great American desert. He persuaded ex-Corporal William Somers of the same regiment and company to go with him. What they were to do in that benighted land neither of them knew, but the visions that danced in rainbow hues in their imaginations were alluring.

There was one feature on which they did not calculate. While they were soldiers they had been clothed and fed

THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY PROTESTED.

by the government of the United States. Now they must clothe and feed themselves. They scraped together money enough to take them to "the plains," but when they got there they were obliged to shift for themselves. Then, and only then, their balloon collapsed.

A soldier is usually pictured by those who don't know him, except by his uniform and his arms, as a man of power. On the contrary, except to shoot and be shot at under the personal direction of his officers, he is as helpless as a child. Like a child, he will stuff himself with green apples unless caught in the act and prevented by his superior. He must be kept from straggling and the consequent danger of being killed or captured.

Our heroes, who had charged many a line of butternut Confederates without flinching, found themselves somewhere between Omaha and Denver without provisions or the wherewithal to buy the same. Somers broke down physically. Young, seeing a wagon train in the distance, left his friend on the plain, uncovered even by a tree, to head off the travelers and ask for assistance.

That was the last Somers saw of him for many a long day. Whether Young was obliged to go so far to reach the train that he could not find his way back to the point he had started from Somers didn't know. One thing he was sure of—Young had not intentionally deserted him. There was every reason to believe that Young, who had started but an hour before sunset, had on his return got caught in the darkness. But even in daylight it would be difficult for him to find his way to a point he could not see, for the country was a vast area marked by nothing. Even the Platte river, which runs through it, was barren of trees on its banks.

Somers passed a wretched night. Early the next morning a buffalo hunter, one of the last in the business, came along and, taking pity on the sick man, placed him on his horse and thus transported him to Julesburg, at that time the terminal of the Union Pacific railroad being built acrcoss the continent.

Six years passed. One day a long limbed man, bearing on his shoulder a pick and shovel, walked into a little mining town in the Rocky mountains. Passing a courthouse and seeing through an open door a person within evidently engaged in trying a case, the prospector, for such he was, entered and took a seat among the spectators, resting his pick and shovel on the floor and in the hollow of his arm.

A man was being tried for murder, and the prosecuting attorney was stating his case to the court:

"The last person, your honor, who was seen with the deceased was the prisoner. He came into town a stranger. No one in the place had seen him here before or knew anything about him. He was miserably dressed and in a generally rundown condition. He went directly to the home of Mathews, the murdered man. That was seven years ago, the spring of 1865. He took supper with Mathews and through a window was seen talking with him during the evening by a person whose evidence we shall produce. Another witness who lived next door is ready to swear that during the night he heard in the house in which the murder was committed cries of 'Help! Murder!' accompanied by other sounds such as would be uttered by one struggling with an enemy. Lastly, we shall prove that the prisoner is the identical man who stopped with Mathews that night and who disappeared as mysteriously as he had come."

Having thus announced what he intended to establish, he produced the witnesses he had promised. Three different persons who on that day preceding the murder had seen the stranger come into town and go to Mathews' house swore that the prisoner was the same person. They claimed that, notwithstanding a slight change in him, they would still know him if they had met him anywhere, because as soon as they were informed that he had committed a murder his image was impressed upon and since carried in their minds.

The prisoner's attorney seemed overwhelmed by this conclusive evidence and showed by his manner that he believed the prisoner guilty. When he had finished his effort the prisoner asked to be put on the stand in his own defense.

"I've spent the last four years, your honor," he said, "in New Mexico, having been a good deal of a wanderer since I came to this country; consequently I can't prove my identity. Besides, it wouldn't do any good to prove it, because the murderer had no identity. All I can say in my defense—and that I can't prove—is that in the spring of 1865, when this murder was committed, I was fighting for the United States in Virginia with Sheridan, who was cutting off the retreat of the Confederates. Quite likely I was engaged at Winchester at the very time the murder was committed. But I can only assert this. I have no way of proving it."

The jury and spectators were sympathizers with the Union cause and were affected by this defense. The prosecuting attorney in order to head off such sympathy arose and said:

"If the prisoner was really a soldier of the United States either he can produce his discharge papers or he was a deserter."

The prisoner's discharge papers were far away. Indeed, he had not seen them for years and didn't know where they were. He sat mute, not seeing any way to prove his innocence. The judge began his charge to the jury, virtually instructing them to find a verdict of guilty.

It was at this point that the man with the pick and shovel arose and said:

"Hello, Charlie!"

The prisoner looked at the speaker, but gave no sign of recognition.

"Did you strike that wagon train?" continued the man among the spectators.

"Who are you?" asked the prisoner.

"Bill Somers."

"Your honor," cried the prosecuting attorney, springing to his feet, "there is a game here to defeat justice. This fellow will doubtless identify the prisoner as an eminently respectable person."

"Nevertheless," retorted the prisoner's counsel, "I demand that if the man who calls himself Somers can throw any light on this case he be heard."

"Let the witness take the stand," said the judge.

Somers told the story of his and Young's coming west and how they had been separated on the plains; also that they had never met since that parting, that they had been soldiers in the same company at the close of the civil war and had fought shoulder to shoulder at the battle of Winchester.

"This is simply a made up story, your honor," the prosecuting attorney protested. "Neither of these men is known or has any proof of his identity. They are probably two horse thieves who have escaped the vigilance committees."

"If that man," said the witness, pointing to the prisoner, "is Charles Young, ex-sergeant of Company —, —th Pennsylvania volunteers, he has the scar of a minie ball that hit him in his side at the battle of Winchester."

"How do you know that?" asked the judge.

"Because I carried him off the field when he was struck."

"Pull up your shirt," said the judge to the prisoner.

The shirt was drawn up and the scar revealed.

The judge began again his charge to the jury, stating that an alibi had been proved and they were to acquit the prisoner. This they did before leaving their seats.

"What became of you, Charlie," asked Somers as they left the courtroom, "the day you left me on the plains?"

"I hunted two days for you, then concluded that some one had carried you away."

"You haven't had much luck, have you?" remarked Somers.

"Not a bit."

"Well, all's well that ends well. I've struck a rich vein."

And, putting his arm through that of his old friend, he led him away.

Gems In Verse

THE INVITATION.

COME on, brother! Take it easy for a day.
Let's be truants, blithe and breezy, out for play.
Here's a spot for pleasant dreaming
Where the slender birches sway.
Here's a pool where trout are gleaming
If your thoughts for fishing stray.
Rest a bit from toil and scheming and we'll play.

HERE the air is soft and hazy. It's a crime
Not to linger and be lazy for a time.
So while summer skies are warming
And the heart beats all in rime
Let us steal a day from farming,
From our daily grit and grime.
Let us stop where life is charming for a time.

THEN when we have rested, neighbor,
Loafed and loitered for a day,
We'll go back again to labor
All the better for our play.

—Berton Braley.

OLD SHIPS.

BY wharves that droop to voiceless tides
The faded ships remain.
On creaking spars the north wind rides
And weeps the winter rain.

Gray, battered veterans of the sea,
They swing with listless sway,
Aroused no more by storm wind's glee
Or upward splashing spray.

But in the night when all the din
Of life around is still
Their voices rise in accents thin,
High with the old glad thrill.

They dream of billowing, bellied sail,
Of whitecaps' gay salute,
Of faroff comrade's cheery hail,
Of seagull's raucous hoot.

Of voyage far, when wind and wave
Called gently from the sea;
Of mates who in a gloomy grave
Shall sleep eternally.

Beside the wharves they strain and swing,
Gray dreamers of the tide;
No more to hear the breakers sing
Or brave the sea wastes wide.

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

LOVE AT SEA.

WE are in love's land today.
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way
And never a May but May.
We are in love's hand today.
Where shall we go?

Our land wind is the breath
Of sorrows kissed to death
And joys that were.
Our ballast is a rose.
Our way lies where God knows
And love knows where.
We are in love's hand today.

Our seamen are fledged loves;
Our masts are bills of doves,
Our decks fine gold;
Our ropes are dead maids' hair;
Our stores are love shafts fair
And manifold.
We are in love's land today.

Where shall we land you, sweet?
On fields of strange men's feet
Or fields near home,
Or where the fire flowers blow,
Or where the flowers of snow
Or flowers of foam?
We are in love's hand today.

Land me, she says, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand.
A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE SUMMER WOODS.

'TIS Sabbath, and the quivering world,
In wild confusion here and there,
Hath gone its way, while I, apart,
Have sought this perfect note of prayer.

NO rustle here of silken gowns;
The pines are dark and still and high;
The sunbeams glinting where they will
To link my dreaming to the sky.

FLITS now and then some timid bird,
The noon deep shadow on his breast,
Whose silent wonder asks why I
Invade his holy haunts of rest.

THESE are God's columned corridors;
I cross myself, repeat my creed—
Eternal power, eternal love,
O soul of mine, eternal need!

—Herbert Randall.

A WORD.

A WORD is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

—Selected.

GRANDPA AND ME.

MY grandpa says that he was once
A little boy like me.
I s'pose he was, and yet it does
Seem queer to think that he
Could ever get my jacket on
Or shoes or like to play
With games and toys and race with Duke,
As I do every day.

He's come to visit us, you see.
Nurse says I must be good
And mind my manners, as a child
With such a grandpa should,
For grandpa's very straight and tall
And very dignified.
He knows most all there is to know
And other things besides.

So, though my grandpa knows so much,
I thought that maybe boys
Were things he hadn't studied—
They make such awful noise.
But when at dinner I asked for
Another piece of pie
I thought I saw a twinkle
In the corner of his eye.

So yesterday when they went out
And left us two alone
I was not quite so much surprised
To find how nice he'd grown.
You should have seen us romp and run!
My, now I almost see
That p'raps he was long, long ago
A little boy like me!

—Round Table.

NEED.

AS earth needs night wherein to find the peace
That brings from strife and toil a glad surcease,
So earth needs sorrow, that our hearts may see
Beneath life's fret love's calm eternity.

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

THE ROMANCE OF FARMER DALE

Lost Faith In Womankind and Then Regained It.

I was on a wheeling tour and stopped for supper and all night at a forlorn looking farmhouse. I was surprised to see no woman about, all the work being done by the owner of the place, Ezra Dale. After supper I lighted a pipe and sat on the porch smoking. Dale came and sat beside me.

"You have finished your evening chores early," I said. "When my wife is without a servant she never gets the dishes washed before 9 o'clock.

"Waal, you see, I don't do it that a-way. I wash dishes oncet a week."

"Don't you think a wife would be handy? She could do your mending."

"Don't need no wife. I got needles an' thread an' buttons."

"Where's your thimble?" I asked.

"Don't need no thimble."

"Did you never have a love affair?"

"Yes, oncet. It was when I was a young feller—very young an' very green. I used ter look on a gal as a heathen would look on a sacred image. There was a little one livin' across the creek, Farmer Owens' daughter Daisy. Purty? Ye bet, an' gentle as a kitten. She tuk a shine to me. I was a fair lookin' young feller then, straight an' slim an' light on my feet. One evenin' I was a-passin' Farmer Owens', an' Daisy come runnin' out with her finger a-bleedin' an' asked me to tie it up fur her. I had ter git her arm under mine somehow an' hold on ter her hand an' wrap the linen strip an' wind the string an' a lot of things all at the same time. While I was a-doin' of it her hair got ag'in my cheek, an'—waal, I lost my head an', turnin', put an arm around her an' kissed her.

"Do ye know, stranger, I've since made up my mind she done it all a-purpose. I b'lieve she cut her finger ontentionally. I tell ye, women folks is tricky."

"I think that was a very nice feminine way of catching your attention," I remarked. "Go on."

"That's jist what I did do. I went on from day ter day, week ter week, till it seemed ter me if anything happened between me an' that gal I'd collapse. Somethin' did happen. Farmer Owens tuk a farm hand far the hayin', an' what did Daisy do but take him out in her buggy that her father bought fur her at Christmas an' drive right by that house a-purpose ter show him off ter me. I tell ye, stranger, she had the wickedest eye in her ye ever see."

"Another feminine trait," I observed. "Miss Daisy was evidently a woman."

"She was a woman, stranger, an' the worst kind of a one," Dale went on ingubriously. "She broke me all up. I jist rented this farm an' went away. I didn't come back fur ten years. Then I made up my mind that women folks wasn't wuth worryin' about, an' I tuk my farm ag'in an' began ter work it. The fust time I went by Farmer Owens' Daisy come out—she had grown ter be a fine lookin' young woman of twenty-six—an' what do ye suppose she did?"

"I can't imagine."

"Asked me if I wouldn't tie up a cut finger. She had the same wicked look in her eye she had when she drove that lopsided farm han' by my house ten years afore. Women is the persistentest critters I ever see. I jist squared off an' said: 'Ye don't git me that a-way ag'in. Ye done it oncet, an' that's enough.' But, do ye know, stranger, she was so slick about it that in five minutes I had my arm about her an' she was a-restin' her head on my shoulder. She was a-cryin', too—cryin' crockerdile tears, no doubt.

"Waal, we was engaged, but it didn't las' long. The question come up as ter whether we'd be married by a justice or a parson. I don't like parsons myself, an' I wanted a justice. Daisy wanted a parson, an' she was so blame set about it that I reckoned if she was as obstinate about a small matter like that she'd be wantin' ter run the farm, so I called the thing off, an' I've been livin' alone here ever since."

"Mr. Dale," I said, "you have mistaken natural feminine traits for general cussedness."

"That's what they is, I tell ye, stranger. Ye don't understand."

"You have declined to give up that which to a woman is a great deal, while to you it is nothing. Miss Owens was right to insist on being married by a parson, and you were ungenerous to refuse her. Now, let me give you a bit of advice. Miss Owens is still single? Yes. Well, go to her and tell her that when you first met her you were a blundering idiot and that later you were an obstinate brute. Say that if she will overlook your past errors you will spend your life in doing penance."

"Why, stranger, if I was ter do that I'd never have any own way about anything afterward."

"It is the only way to have your own way about everything with a woman. Toss it all into her hands, and she'll toss it right back to you. More than that, she'll expect you to lead, and if you don't lead she'll not respect you."

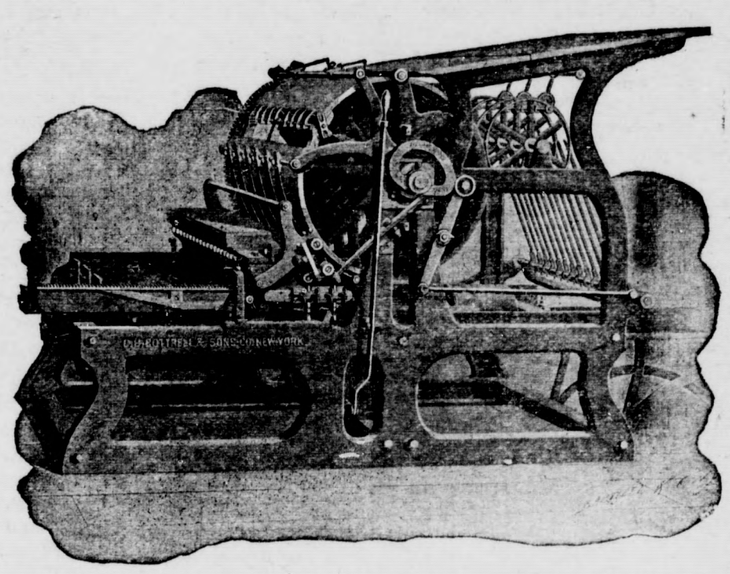
"Ye don't mean it! Say, stranger, what sort of a makeup do ye call that anyway?"

The next summer I rode past Farmer Dale's place. It was the trimmest looking farm in the county. After supper the farmer told me how much better contented he was while Mrs. Dale was washing the dishes.

BOOST!

THE

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION · SAN FRANCISCO · CALIFORNIA · 1915



San Mateo Index

AND

Daly City Record

Goes Directly Into the Hands of Those Whom You Wish Most to Reach

Reasonable Prices — Good Workmanship

OCEAN SHORE RAILROAD

OFFICIAL TIME SCHEDULE

Became Effective Sunday, Dec. 15, 1912

7	5	3	1			2	4	6	8	10
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Miles		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
8:04	5:35	10:00	8:10	0.0	SAN FRANCISCO	7:30	2:30	4:15	5:00	
8:15	5:50	10:15	8:30	2.5	Shops	7:15	2:12	4:00	5:45	
8:44	*5:59	*10:24	8:39	5.4	Onondaga	*7:07	*1:57	*3:50	*4:36	
8:49*	*6:03	*10:28	*8:44	7.1	Palmetto	*7:03	*1:52	*3:46	*4:32	
8:57	*6:04	*10:29	*8:49	7.6	DALY CITY	*7:02	*1:49	*3:44	*4:30	
8:54	*6:12	*10:37	*9:03	9.9	Thornton	*6:54	*1:40	*3:38	*4:23	
*807:	*6:19	*10:44	*9:09	11.9	Mussel Rock	*6:46	*1:30	*3:33	*4:17	
*801:	*6:22	*10:47	*9:13	13.1	Edgemar	*6:42	*1:24	*3:29	*4:13	
903:	6:26	10:51	9:20	14.3	SALADA	6:39	1:19	3:26	4:10	
*9:30	*6:28	*10:53	*9:24	14.8	Brighton	*6:35	*1:13	*3:23	*4:08	
*9:16	*6:31	*10:56	*9:28	16.0	Velliemar	*6:32	*1:08	*3:19	*4:04	
9:17	6:32	10:57	9:50	16.6	Rockaway	6:31	1:05	3:18	4:03	
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*9:25	*6:40	*11:05	*10:08	18.9	Ransome	*6:21	*12:40	*3:08	*3:53	
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9:50	7:16	11:40	11:14	30.2	HALF MOON	5:47	12:00	2:28	3:10	
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*10:23	.....	*12:13	.....	36.1	Lobitos	.....	*11:07	*2:06	*2:52	
10:30	.....	12:20	.....	38.0	TUNITAS	.....	11:00	2:00	2:40	
a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.

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THROUGH FIRE

It Broke Her Will.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The long piazza of the boarding house showed a row of rocking chairs swaying gently to and fro. Under the spreading maples on the lawn were gay hammocks and more rocking chairs, and down on the sunny tennis court white clad forms darted after flying balls.

Old Mrs. Knight occupied the most comfortable chair. It was hers by tacit acknowledgment after many seasons' occupancy, but it was generally understood that when Mrs. Knight passed beyond the realm of summer boarding houses the chair of state would be filled by that second in rank of boarders, Mrs. Henry Tillerby. Mrs. Tillerby had grown irascible in the waiting for the chair, and nothing save her undying determination to appear younger than Flora Knight deterred her from jumping Mrs. Knight's claim, so to speak.

"COME, DARLING!" HE SHOUTED.

Mrs. Henry Tillerby, who had been to school with Flora Knight, had drawn her own chair close by her old school friend.

"Where's Mabel?" asked Mrs. Tillerby, with her little black eyes fixed on Mabel Knight's graceful form down there on the tennis court.

"In her room reading a good book," retorted Flora Knight tartly.

Mrs. Tillerby shook like a strawberry jelly.

"It's a book on lawn tennis or love," she tittered.

"I think my granddaughter is quite capable of taking care of her own affairs, Mrs. Tillerby," she said icily.

"She is old enough to, certainly," retorted Mrs. Tillerby, who had two unmarried daughters much older than pretty Mabel.

Mrs. Knight had closed her eyes by this time and was to all appearances taking a little nap. But Mrs. Tillerby, who had known Flora Knight all her life, went on talking in her deep contralto, relating bits of boarding house gossip, criticising the food and the service and otherwise acting in a way befitting the occupant of the second floor front chamber of Rose Hall.

Suddenly light feet ran up the side steps of the west piazza, where the two old ladies sat, and a musical voice called a laughing farewell to somebody in white flannels, who disappeared down the pine walk toward the adjacent estate.

"Well, granny, dear," cried Mabel, seating herself on the top step, "here I am! Now, don't pretend you are asleep, because I can see just a speck of little black eye peeping out. There, that's better!" as Mrs. Knight's eyes popped wide open and she sat up with a well simulated air of surprise.

"Have I been asleep, Ann?" she asked Mrs. Tillerby. "I declare your voice is so soothing. Just like one of Parson's Moore's sermons—it sends me off to sleep!"

Mrs. Tillerby flushed resentfully, but before her lips could frame a proper retort Mabel had remembered something.

"Oh, Mrs. Tillerby, Lucy asked me to tell you that she has just returned from a drive with Mr. Fenwick, and that she has something very important to tell you if you will go to her room."

"Ah, just as I expected! The dear girl—well, it's in the air, I do believe!" twittered Mrs. Tillerby as she rose ponderously from her chair and waddled around to the front door.

"Sit down here, Mabel," said Mrs. Knight with a sudden change of tone that the girl instantly noticed, for all the color and sparkle went out of her face, but her gray eyes were strangely soft and luminous.

"Yes, granny?" she asked when she was seated beside the old lady.

"You have been playing tennis with that young Ashmore?"

"Why, yes, granny, dear, I told you I was going to."

"And I told you it was in direct opposition to my wishes."

"But, granny, why do you care? He—he is very nice," faltered Mabel.

"He is a nobody, only private secretary to Senator Bray. There's George Fenwick ready to jump if you only give him the opportunity."

"Do you mean that you would rather I married George Fenwick for his money than—than Dick Ashmore, because I love him?" flared Mabel.

"Love him, do you?" quavered Mrs. Knight wrathfully. "Marry him, then, and go to the poorhouse, for you will never get one penny of my money!" She arose and thumped her cane angrily on the floor.

Tears came to Mabel's lovely eyes, but she winked them away from the long, jetty lashes, and when she spoke her voice was so like that of her dead father that Flora Knight was shaken to the soul.

"Very well, grandmother, I will respect your wishes until your stay at Rose Hall is ended, but then I will leave you and go away, because I love Dick and I shall marry him."

"And leave me all alone?" demanded Mrs. Knight in an odd tone.

"You cannot miss me, granny, because you are rich, and money will make up to you for lack of love and everything. It's what you want me to throw away! Cousin Susie will be glad to come."

"I dare say she will. She's been pulling wires to that end for five years," snapped Mrs. Knight crossly. "Remember, Mabel, don't let that young man come near me. I shall certainly be rude to him!"

"I am quite sure he will not intrude, grandmother," said Mabel coldly, and she did not turn her head as the old lady pattered away toward the dining room, for the luncheon bell was sounding.

Luncheon over, the older boarders scattered to their rooms for the midday siesta, while the young people started on a long talked of tramp up East mountain. Mabel Knight did not go. She sat in her room and read and dreamed until a sharp cry echoed through the house, a woman's shrill cry of alarm.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Mabel leaped to the door and found the hall filled with a thick yellow smoke. The cook was crying hysterically in the hall below, and doors were popping open, and other shrill feminine voices were added to the alarm.

Mabel went to her grandmother's room and found it empty. She was relieved, because she thought Mrs. Knight was safely out of danger on the front piazza.

So, picking up her own valuables and her grandmother's leather traveling box that contained precious belongings, Mabel hurried downstairs after knocking at the different closed doors along the hall.

Half choking and gasping for breath, she fought her way down to the piazza to find that among all the other boarders two were missing. No one had seen Mrs. Knight or Mrs. Tillerby since luncheon.

Mabel thrust her bundles into somebody's trembling hands and dashed back to the house.

"I must get grandmother!" she called back. And there was no one to stop her going, for the only man left on the place had gone to ring the village fire alarm, and Mrs. Brownlee had gone over to Brookedge station to meet some expected guests.

Smoke was pouring from the rear of the big white house, and every door and window belched forth yellow clouds.

Mabel groped her way into the hall, crept upstairs on her hands and knees and so along to Mrs. Knight's room. Here she found the valiant old lady holding a wet towel before her face while she sought frantically through drawers and closets for something.

"Come, granny; come! I will carry you down!" cried Mabel, tugging at her arm.

"Go away, do!" grumbled Mrs. Knight from her muffled lips. "I'm trying to find Winkie's leash. The poor darling is frightened to death!" Mabel saw that Granny's pet Pomeranian was shivering under her arm.

"Oh, granny; take him as he is. Don't wait. Why, you will be burned to death!" begged the girl.

"Go yourself. Nobody cares if I do burn up!" retorted granny obstinately, but she caught her breath sharply.

A big form dashed into the room and gathered granny in his strong arms. Winkie and all.

"Come, darling!" he shouted, and he wasn't talking to granny, either. Mabel followed, only pausing to help poor Mrs. Tillerby down the stairs.

An hour afterward it was all over. The fire was confined to the kitchen, and the boarders gathered on the grass and voted to camp out there under the maples until the house should be free from smoke once more.

Dick Ashmore, who had carried off granny against her strong wishes, continued to go to and fro, bringing various comforts from their room, until Mrs. Knight laid a trembling hand on his sooty shirt sleeve.

"Do stop this running about, Mr.—er, Dick," she said sharply. "You remind me so much of Mabel's father." She hesitated and coughed. "Mabel's been telling me some things, and somehow I'd rather like to have a masterful man about, and, well, Mabel, you need not hug me to death, and I declare, Dick Ashmore, I do believe you kissed me, sir! Everybody's looking on too. Well, I suppose we might as well announce the engagement that way!"

And strong willed granny stroked Winkie and rocked contentedly in her own chair, which Dick had brought from the piazza.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Six Little Mice.

Six little mice they lived in a wood,
Six little mice so pretty and good.
Their tails were long, and their eyes were bright,
And they loved to frisk in the clear moonlight.
Old Mother Mousie she shook her head.
"My dears, you're safer far in bed.
Now, trust your mother. She's old and wise,
And she fears the owl with the big brown eyes."

The six little mice all looked sedate
And declared they would never stay out so late.
But the very next time that the moon shone bright
They forgot their promise and went out at night.
Oh, how they danced! It was famous fun
Hither and thither to skip and run.
Little they guessed that the big brown owl
Was flying that way on his nightly prowl.

He pounced on one, and he pounced on two,
With a hoarse "Tuwhit!" and a loud "Tu-whoo!"
He carried them off, that owl so brown,
And their dear little tails hung dangling down.
Away they scampered, those frightened four,
But two little mice will come home no more,
And the owl's brown babies up in the tree
Had mouse for dinner and mouse for tea.

Doggie Got His Meat!

There was once a dog who used to go to market with his master every morning. He was always given a cent to buy meat for himself.

If the butcher took the money before he gave him the meat the dog would growl and show his teeth.

One day the master was called away on business and was gone for several days. On his return he told Romp to bring him his slippers. Romp did not obey, but slunk into a corner, and the slippers could not be found.

Some hours later the gentleman went to the postoffice, and Romp went with him.

As he passed the market the butcher asked him to step into the store and gave him his slippers.

Romp had carried them down one at a time to pay for his meat.

A Picnic Stove.

In a practical article on "Picnics and Campings," published in the Woman's Home Companion, appears the following:

"Picnic cooking, if in inexpert hands, will undoubtedly be better over a stove than an open fire. But you cannot carry a stove on a picnic or camping expedition, nor need you. A piece of thin sheet iron, thirty inches long by eighteen inches wide, is all the stove you want. This lid across two little banks of earth, with the fire between, or two logs with the fire between, forms an excellent stove and not only makes it unnecessary to wait for embers for good cooking—since the flames cannot reach the food through the sheet iron—but is in itself an excellent griddle for making toast and flapjacks."

A Peculiar Animal.

One kind of African mice we seldom see or read about is the little elephant shrew. It is barely four inches long, but the trunk and shortened tail combined give it another four or five inches. The fur, though drab instead of gray, is otherwise like that of a chinchilla, as also are its large and delicate ears, while both in the formation and the manner of using its legs it reminds one of a new species of miniature kangaroo. It has swift leaping powers. It will tuck up its appendages and, like a ball, roll over and over in a straight line and after a meal, which occurs at very short intervals and consists of several mouthfuls only, quite surprises one by standing stock still, apart only from a gentle quivering of the trunk.

Betty's Visit.

Betty was shy, but when Aunt Anna said, "Will you come and see me, Betty?" Betty would say, "Yes, thank you." One day when Betty had gone all by herself to pay a call Aunt Anna gave her a nice piece of cake with currants in it and said, "Now I think you will like that."

But Betty said, "I shall take it back for Baby Tom, if I may, for Baby Tom is too small to come and see you by himself."

So kind Betty took the cake to Tom and told him she would like him to have it, as he could not do as she had done and go alone to see Aunt Anna.

How Would She Know?

George, aged five, was out walking one day with his father and mother. He asked his mother to go to his aunt's house.

His mother said, "No, because you always ask for something to eat as soon as we get there, but if you will promise not to ask then we will go for a little while." So George promised not to ask for anything to eat.

When they were in sight of the house George turned to his mother and asked, "Well, mamma, how will Aunt Jennie know I am hungry?"

Oiling His Teeth.

Paul, aged four, was eating crackers one day and, looking up to his mother, said, "Mamma, I think my teeth need oiling."

"Why, Paul?"

"Because they squeak so when I bite these crackers."

A Riddle Rime.

Twelve pears hanging high.
Twelve knights riding by.
Each took a pear
And yet left eleven there.
Answer.—Knight's name was Each.

ROUND THE WORLD

Chicago has 300,000 Polish inhabitants.

Nearly all the timber used in Greece is imported.

Only 7.4 per cent of the territory of Italy is unproductive.

An international oil industries exposition will be held in London in March and April.

Sweden is being urged to pass a law giving women the right to propose marriage.

In the city of New York there are upward of 5,000 building material teamsters.

The Chinese have innumerable uses for empty tin cans, fashioning them into many and various household utensils.

Immense steam shovels made in Chicago have been ordered for new harbor work in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Russia has 1,400 acres of tea plantations, and the acreage is increasing constantly.

By the end of 1916 the Chinese army expects to have 1,000 aeroplanes, this year's budget calling for the purchase of 250.

The laying of a new cable will place England within ten minutes of Bombay, Hongkong, Colombo and Singapore.

Switzerland, in proportion to its population, spends more on poor relief than does any other country.

Chinese boatmen at Macao have been letting off bombs and crackers to induce the gods not to injure them with a whirlwind.

St. Louis is installing fire escapes on all public school buildings in obedience to new state law.

Bedsteads sold in India have to have upright corner posts for the hanging of mosquito netting.

A Scotch builder has invented a new type of wall tie that grips half a dozen bricks instead of two, as usual.

A tube which extends from the center of the bottom toward the spout of a new teakettle admits heat to hasten the boiling of its contents.

A giant among motorcycles is a French machine of fourteen horse power, designed chiefly for pacing bicycle riders on race tracks.

Amsterdam, the diamond cutting center of the world, has more than 1,000 applications from persons who wish to learn the art.

An Englishman has discovered a method for growing lawn grass on such a foundation that it can be handled as a carpet or rug.

Blunt business letters, without salutations and flourishes, are in South America considered evidences of bad business breeding.

Much of the experimental apparatus, notes, etc., of Volta, one of the pioneers in the electrical field, were recently discovered in a small Italian town.

The largest bridge ever exported from England, and the largest but one ever built, having a total length of 5,325 feet, is being constructed for use in India.

At the request of the government of China a Chinese student has been assigned as aid in one of the field parties of the United States geological survey.

Bread may be kept fresh for several days at temperatures below freezing or exceeding 104 degrees, according to a Dutch scientist.

The largest settlement in Greenland is Sydproven, which has a population of 766, and the smallest is Skansen, in north Greenland, with forty-six inhabitants.

The largest cement kiln in the world, operated entirely by electricity, recently was put into operation by a Pennsylvania plant.

The desire for equal suffrage has spread to India, where successful meetings on behalf of the cause are being held and unusual interest shown in the demand for women's enfranchisement.

Three of the buoys of the ill fated Andree expedition to the north pole have been found. Disaster probably overtook Andree between Franz Josef Land and Nova Zembla.

Although the United States is the richest country in the world in deposits of peat, none of several peat fuel plants that have been established have gone beyond the experimental stage.

One of the largest of the great scientific and industrial congresses is to be held in London in the early part of June, 1915, in the shape of the sixth international congress of mining, metallurgy, applied mechanics and practical geology.

Considered the most costly in the world, a set of porcelain dishes has been on exhibit at an art show in St. Petersburg. It consists of thirty-six hand colored plates. This set has an estimated value of 36,000 rubles ($18,540), a single plate, therefore, being worth 1,000 rubles ($515). It is the property of Count Orloff-Davidoff.

A severe blow will be dealt to the Indian cottonseed industry unless a way can be found to clean the seed before it is shipped. In England, which takes 98 per cent of all the cottonseed exports of India, the importers have decided not to accept any hereafter which contains over 2 per cent of dirt. At present the dirt averages not far from 8 per cent.

An extraordinary case of religious mania is reported from Panama. An individual who has proclaimed himself the Messiah predicts the destruction of the world by a deluge in a short time, and some of his eighty adherents are engaged in building an ark, while others are busy collecting in pairs animals of all species found in their region.

Confession of a Girl Graduate

A Story For Commencement

By EDITH V. ROSS

When I was a little girl there was a boy in the high school of whom great things in a scholarly way were expected. He not only stood first in his class, but showed an originality that astonished the teachers. Alan Broadwell was his name, and at the time I first heard of him and his remarkable brain he was fifteen years old. He was then prepared to go to college, but his father would not permit him to go until he was two years older.

I was then thirteen, the age when a girl throws away her doll and begins to aspire to things less childlike and more womanlike. I had two brothers, Tom and Jim—Tom a year older than Alan, and Jim a year younger. One May morning, when I was sitting on the porch reading a romance, Alan Broadwell came in at the gate and asked if Tom was at home. I told him that Tom was in the house and I would go and find him.

That was all that was required of me. Alan wouldn't bestow a thought on me for a companion, and yet,

"I PUT MY HANDKERCHIEF TO MY EYES."

though I was a child to him, he was a good deal to me—a tall, handsome, intellectual boy—and I would have given a year of my life for a single word or even look indicating his slightest interest in me.

When Alan was graduated at college he was made assistant professor of English literature at his alma mater.

The university was a co-ed institution, and when I became twenty I entered for a degree. My brother Tom had gone far away, and Professor Broadwell, who was just entering upon his duties as an instructor, was not aware that there was such a person as myself among the students. I did not make myself known to him, and I had so changed that he did not recognize me.

When my class reached a point where we were required to write essays we handed them in for inspection and correction to him. If there was a facility for anything in my dull brain it was for scribbling. At school my compositions always received the highest mark. When I wrote my first essay as a college student I took especial pains with it—pains in two ways, the one to treat my subject as well as possible, the other to make a lot of errors in the construction of sentences. In explanation of this I will say that students go to college for different purposes. Usually they go to get an education. Some go to have a good time. I went for the purpose of ensnaring Professor Broadwell. By making the substance of my essay good I would attract his attention. By putting in a great many errors I was likely to have them pointed out to me by the professor.

A few days after handing in my production I was asked to remain after lecture, and when the class had gone out I went up to the professor's desk. He took up my essay and said to me:

"Miss Brown, you have a gift for writing, and it is a pity that your education in grammar and construction of sentences should be so deficient."

He opened my manuscript, and it was a sight to behold. There were innumerable scratches, pothooks, P's with the tops turned the wrong way—to mark new paragraphs—words interlined here and there with little triangles under them. Indeed, the whole essay looked as if a daddy longlegs had waded through a pool of ink, then strolled over the paper.

"One of the first rules of rhetoric," the professor went on, "is that the opening paragraph should be pointed and not too long. It should catch the attention of the reader and direct it toward what is to follow. I would divide your first paragraph here." And he put the tip of his pencil on one of his P's with the wrong side foremost. "I also observe," he continued, "that in a number of instances you have ended a sentence with a preposition, which is unadvisable. I would recommend you to learn the difference between 'shall' and 'will.' You have invariably used them incorrectly."

"I can't."

"Oh, yes, you can. It's very simple when you once catch the idea."

He went on to explain it to me, using the familiar illustration of the man in the water who intended to shout "No one will save me; I shall drown," but said instead "No one shall save me; I will drown." Then he gave me the grammatical rule for it all, and when he had finished, if I were drowning and should act in accordance with my understanding of his explanation, I would certainly forbid any one to help me. But I didn't tell him so. I simply looked as if it were all clear to me.

He was certainly very kind to give me all this information, and if I had had any conscience I should have been ashamed of myself that nine-tenths of it was unnecessary, I having made the errors on purpose. I thanked him at the end of his instructions and said that I would profit by them, which was deceptive, for I intended to make other mistakes in my next essay that would bring about a similar interview.

And so I did. On the second occasion of my being called upon to remain after lecture for instruction the professor complimented me even more highly on my handling of my subject than before, but he seemed to be much distressed on my deficiency of handling the English language. "You confuse the verbs 'to lie' and 'to lay,'" he said, "the one meaning to recline, the other to place some thing." He gave me the grammatical construction, then asked me to give him an example. I said, "I would have lain the book on the table."

He looked at me with a mingled pity and distress and went over the ground again, which was what I wished him to do, for I had made the blunder purposely. At the end of his second explanation he asked me for another example. I said, "I laid down to rest." At this he grew impatient and spoke sharply to me, whereupon I put my handkerchief to my eyes to conceal tears that I could not shed. At this he spoke to me not only gently, but I was rejoiced at perceiving tenderness in his voice.

"Pardon me, Miss Brown," he said; "I will not be so impatient with you again. Doubtless you will learn all these points in construction in time. I have been anxious that you should acquire them because you are one of the best writers in your class. I will not call your attention to them again, but leave you to pick them up as you proceed."

"You mean that you're tired of trying to teach me," I whined.

"Not at all; not at all, I assure you. If you prefer it I will continue."

"I do prefer it," I said, drying eyes into which I had succeeded in forcing a bit of moisture. Then, taking my essay, I went to the door, the professor politely opening it for me, I maintaining my lugubrious countenance till it had closed behind me. Then I congratulated myself that I had made considerable advance toward obtaining the degree that was nearest my heart—M. A. L., or mistress of the art of love.

I blush now, years after I was aiming at this degree, at the devices, the expedients, to which I resorted. During the period that I was handing in essays to Professor Broadwell I continued a pretended obtuseness at his instructions that they might be repeated over and over again. I put off telling him that I was the sister of his boy chum, that I had acted the part of messenger for him when I was a little girl and that during his visits to Tom had never once looked at or spoken to me except as he would to a child.

One day Tom came from his faraway home and visited me at college. He had lost track of Broadwell, but, taking up a college bulletin, saw his name among those of the faculty.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "My old friend Alan Broadwell is here as assistant professor of English literature."

"Is he?" I said indifferently.

He ran away to find his chum, and that evening I was introduced to the professor as Tom's sister. There was real surprise expressed by the professor and sham surprise by me. By this time I had made a different impression upon my victim from that of a child, and from that time I was treated with the additional consideration of Tom's sister. I became under the professor's instruction proficient in the use of the English language and gave him credit for having infused a knowledge of the subject into my dull brain.

When my college career came to an end I told Professor Broadwell that I should rely on him for advice with regard to my commencement oration. It was not that I wished to make a creditable exit from the university on taking my degree, but that I might take that other degree of M. A. L. before leaving him a prey to other women, and I was quite sure that I could bring him to a proposal while consulting with him upon the subject matter of my oration. It required half a dozen consultations to enable me to select a subject, half a dozen more to decide upon its treatment and a couple of dozen more to consider changes in the text after it had been written.

The evening before commencement we were sitting side by side, my manuscript before us. There were no interlineations, no pothooks, no erased P's, for the production was finished and ready for the next day's use. The professor, instead of making a pothook with his pen on the manuscript, made one with his arm around my waist.

Then I was happy, for I knew that in addition to the degree of B. A. that the prex would hand me on the morrow I had attained that of M. A. L., so much nearer to my heart.

REALTY TRANSFERS

Anglo Cal. Trust Co. to Mary A. Gair Lot 4, block 29, Am. Belle Air Park.

F. Poohm to T. Pohm. Lot 10, blk. 19, Hillcrest.

East San Mateo Land Co. to J. A. McCormick and wife. Lot 27, blk. 3, East San Mateo.

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Oaks Co. to M. W. Bean. Lots 11, 12, blk. 59, Lots 52, 53, blk 61, Dumbarton Oaks.

Ella E. West to G. W. Ames. Lot 14, blk. 20, Burlingame.

The Alberton Realty Co. to A. Cesana. Lots 10, 11, 12, 13 blk. 1, W. W. & M. Sub.

Ocean Shore Dev. Co. to P. E. Alexanderson. Lots 9, 10, blk. 22, Marine View Terrace.

B. Epp to J. J. Gaehwiler, Lot 3, blk. 28, Vista Grande.

L. Tully to A. L. Pierce et al. Lot 12, blk. 10, Am. Belle Air.

F. S. Goularte et al to J. Davis. 102.40 acres, Alex Moore Ranch.

Hensley-Green Co. to Ella J. Brann. Lot 24, blk. 23, 3d Adn., San Bruno Park.

H. S. Wheeler and wife to Sadie M. Abbott. Portion Lot 24, Hanneman's Seaside Park Tract.

San Mateo Invest. Co. to H. F. McGee. Lot 14, blk. 8, Polo Field Sub., Burlingame.

H. D. McGarvey to I. Guardino. Portion Lot 4, blk. 7, Ern. Addn., Redwood.

Same to A. Senseri. Portion Lot 13, blk. 8, Ern. Adn., Redwood.

Ocean Shore Land Co. to Sarah J. McChesney. Lot 7, blk. 4, Salada Beach Rev.

S. E. Schuyler to Norah D. Schuyler, Lot 5, blk 31, Lyon Hoag Sub., Burlingame.

L. B. Williams to M. Kelly. Lots 14, 15, blk. 4, Lipton by the Sea.

Glucksman-Levy Realty Co. to T. K. McFarland. Lot 5, blk. 2, Concorddia Land Co.

Mae E. rGeen and husband to The Harrison Corporation. Lots 21, 22, blk. B, San Mateo Heights.

Ansel M. Easton and wife to Mrs. Mary Ward. Lot 11, blk 35, Easton Adn., Burlingame 2.

Redwood Highlands Co. to Ross Riley. Lots 7, 9, blk. 20, Redwood Highlands.

So. San Francisco Land Improv. Co. to Hensley-Green Co. Lot 44, blk. 1, San Bruno Park.

Hensley-Green Co. to G. Ghiglieri, Lots 39, 40, 41, blk. K, San Bruno Park.

C. Bontz and wife to Osabel A. Walker. Lots 13, 14, blk. 1, W. W. M. Subdivision.

Hensley-Green Co. to Susie P. Murphy, Lot 6, blk. 20, San Bruno Park.

Kern-Neilan Co. to B. C. McDougall. Lots 20, 21, blk. 20, Union Park.

J H McPherson and wife to Redwood Highlands Co Lot 9, blk. 21, Dingee Park.

Redwood Highlands Co. to M. A. McPherson. Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, blk. 29, Redwood Highlands.

James Brown to J. S. Miguel. Lots 1, 3, blk. 7, Shore Acres Sub.

Mrs. F. Sherwood to same. Lot 2, blk. 7, Shore Accres Sub.

PENINSULA POPULATION IN 1798 WAS NOT LARGE

Record of Census Taken 115 Years Ago Comes to Light

The earliest record census ever taken in San Francisco was in 1798, in the days of the old Spanish occupation, when California's population was composed of more Indians than Spaniards—and when the Gringo was practically unknown.

Hidden away under a pile of musty, dusty papers in the office of the Secretary of State, Theodore Kytka, handwriting expert, discovered the oth r day the original document of inhabitants on December 31, 1798—nearly 115 years ago.

A hand-written record, on heavy old Spanish parchment paper, this venerable relic tells that 115 years ago there were exactly 2915 inhabitants in the jurisdiction of the San Francisco Presidio—206 "Spanish and other castes" in the Presidio proper and 62 in the Villa Branciforte. The rest of the population of what is now the city and county of San Francisco, as well as the peninsula far down the coast, consisted of nine Spanish and 2638 Indians divided between the old Mission Dolores, the Mission Santa Clara, the Mission Santa Cruz and the Mission San Jose.

The population of Santa Cruz in 1798, according to the document, was 512, of which 510 were Indians. The jurisdiction of San Francisco, including the Presidio, Villa de Branciforte and Mission de San Francisco, contained 895 souls, of which 625 were Indians. Santa Clara had 1388 souls, of which only three were of pure Spanish caste, and San Jose had a population of 120, of whom 118 were Indians.

Offers to Help

So far has the government advanced in the problems connected with road construction that offers are now being made to teach the country that the expenditure of large sums of money on certain types of roads may result almost in a total waste. A road built of materials which would be suitable for one locality, may not serve the purpose at all in another neighborhood.

In order to assist those communities who desire to improve the roads the office of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture has employed experts to test materials and study their adaptibility to these conditions.

There is no longer any excuse for a community to build the wrong kind of road, sufficient reliable information can be obtained to form an intelligent opinion as to the character of road best suitable for particular neighborhood.

Lucky

The trial of a notorious old moonshiner was over and he had been found guilty. The judge lectured him severely on his long criminal record, and then sentenced to thirty-six years' imprisonment, saying that the court had no feeling of anger toward him, but only of pity.

The prisoner listened stolidly, and said as he left the courtroom:

"Well, I suah am glad he wasn't mad at me."

TO DECIDE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE RESERVATION

Baseball Teams of Iaqua and Tippecanoe to Cross Bats

The first of a series of three games to decide the Red Men baseball championship of the reservation will be played Sunday by the teams of Iaqua Tribe of San Mateo and Tippecanoe Tribe of South San Francisco.

The game will be played at the San Mateo Corporation Yard and will be called at 2 p. m. Tippecanoe Tribe is coming in a body to cheer its warriors and warhoops will resound across the famous battlefield as the rival oroters cheer on their teams. Following is the lineup of the Iaqua team:

George Benoit, pitcher.
Bert Seavy, catcher.
Bert Gaunt, first base.
Frank Morris, second base.
Fred Benoit, third base.
Clarence Cooks, shortstop.
Harry Alt, left field.
William Ely, center field.
Glen Bale, right field.

SAN MATEO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Among the new books received by gift by the San Mateo Public Library during the past week are:

Hillers: "Fifty-Two Sunday Dinners," a useful book from the N. K. Fairbank Co.

McLaughlin: "Labor Laws of California," from the California Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Gordan: "Laconics," from the author.

Thompson: "Railway Library for 1912," from the compiler.

Speaking of "Fifty-two Sunday dinners," here are five more books along the same line to be found in the library:

Craies: "Receipes from East and West. 1912."

Farmer: "A New Book of Cookery. 1912."

Seely: "Mrs. Seely's Cook Book. 1908.

Telford: Stanford Paper Bag Cookery. 1912."

Woman's Club of San Mateo: "Recipes. 1909."

A hydrographic map of San Francisco has been given to the library.

Among the new books on the Cooperative shelf are:

Bordeaux:"The Fear of Living."

Mitchell: "Westways."

Oppenheim: "The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton."

White: "Gold." A story of the forty-niners.

The San Mateo County Grand Jury was drawn Wednesday morning from a venire of 30 names, 17 of which were women and 13 men, and in the drawing 11 women and 8 men were chosen. Judge Buck selected the venire, holding that women can serve on juries, although Judge Cabaniss, who sat in his court in the Coburn case, and Attorney General Webb have ruled to the contrary.

The women proved the strength of their position as soon as the jury went into secret session. The first matter before them was to elect a secretary, the foreman,Walter Knight of Woodside, having been appointed by Judge Buck. The men named a candidate for the position from their

REDWOOD CITY RUMBLINGS

Miss Vallejo was an out-of-town guest of the Misses Lane of this city during the week.

L. E. Burke, wife and daughter have gone to New Mexico after a residence there of three months.

Mrs. William Shaw of San Francisco was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. S. Johnston of Ivy Cottage, this week.

Mrs. Geo. Kneece was here during the week visiting friends. She is a prominent resident of South San Francisco.

It is reported that the women members of the new grand jury will recommend that all teachers of the county be prevented from wearing slit skirts. More power to their elbows!

Mrs. W. H. Lipp Jr. will depart during the month for her girlhood home in Denmark to visit her aged parents and to view once more the scenes of her childhood. Mrs. Lipp will not return until spring.

Harold Peters, fireman at Frank's tannery, is elated over the arrival of his wife from Germany. She came here Thursday. Mr. Peters has provided a nice home for his helpmeet, having recently bought the R. Svihus home on Phelps street.

The Oxnards and Lents have closed their pretty homes in the Hooper tract for the winter months and gone to the city.

Miss Louise Pitcher, who graduated from the Children's Hospital in San Francisco last April as a trained nurse, spent all of last week here with her mother, Mrs. John Pitcher.

John Ferguson, who is well known in this vicinity, has installed a dictaphone in the office of District Attorney Franklin Swart. This machine will simplify the stenographic work of the office.

Miss Edna Hayward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D Hayward of this city, returned from a tour of Europe during the last week She was gone three months. The young lady enjoyed the trip exceedingly during her travels seeing the greater portion of the continent.

A pleasant surprise party was tendered Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Stevens last Thursday evening in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of their marriage, at the Congragational parsonage. About fifty friends assembled and the evening was passed in music and social converse. After light refreshments had been served. the surprised couple were presented with some hand-painted china. As the party broke up the pastor and his wife were the recipients of many kind wishes for many more anniversaries.

SAN BRUNO ITEMS

An honest man has been found and he lives in San Bruno, too. He returned a lost umbrella, and during this rainy weather, too. I refer to Mr. Levy, our popular merchant.

We agree with Annie Laurie that kitchen courtships are the most successful, in San Bruno anyway.

The Southern Pacific has had a force of men building a stock corral to accommodate its increasing San Bruno business. Now, if they could see their way clear to house their human patrons, what joy it would bring to San Bruno.

Eugene Valentine has recovered from the blow on his head sufficiently to return to San Mateo Union High School again.

Mrs. Joe Garcia, wife of our local business man, is out taking as much exercise as possible after her long illness.

Robert Valentine, our ambitious young business man, doesn't mind walking out to the dredger working on the waterfront through all kinds of obstacles to get the business.

Americus Montussa, the gate-tender here, has sent his wife to Italy for her health.

Joe Ellsworth has a round with his teeth that put him out of business for a few days with a very large jaw.

A. T. Green is looking for a tenant for a new $10,000 hotel he wants to build in San Bruno.

Four bakery wagons from the outside towns supply bread to San Bruno. Why not have a bakery of our own?

Come to compare our town with others, do you know of any young city that has more natural advantages for an important center than San Bruno?

Joe Zaro has acres and acres of vegetables growing and hundreds of acres plowed ready for seeding.

PRINTERS AND STATIONERS ATTENTION

The Index has for sale a first-class 19-inch paper cutter, almost new, at a bargain; also several hundred pounds of body type in fine condition, that is no longer needed since the installation of our Linotype, and will be sold in cases for 15 to 20 cents per pound, according to size.

Address San Mateo Index, 316 B street, San Mateo, Cal.

RAILROAD RATES STILL UNDER CONSIDERATION

San Mateo County Development Association for Free Switching

Many matters of importance came up for consideration Tuesday night at the meeting of the Board of Governors of the San Mateo County Development Association.

Various phases of the railroad situation were discussed and referred to the railways and transportation committee, which is exceedingly busy these days.

In addition to the inter-station and single fare problems, the association is interesting itself in the county's welfare relative to the proposed new Southern Pacific depot. The association is for free switching, which will be a great benefit to the business men of this community.

It is reported to the organization that railroad gatemen will not accept one whole ticket for two half-fare children, as do some of the conductors. This discrepancy will be taken up with the proper railroad officials immediately.

[Advertisement]

OPPOSED TO UNIONISM

Union men and their friends do not patronize the following:

Campbell, electrician, Burlingame
R. LaRue, Plumbing, San Bruno
George Beals, plasterer, San Mateo
Zwick, bld'ng contractor. Burlingame
J. H. Rockingham, building contractor, Burlingame.
Bradwick, contractor, Burlingame.
John Vickerson. building contractor. Burlingame.
Fulton, building contractor, Burlingame.
John Lee, building contractor, San Mateo.
King, sign painter, Belmont.
McMahon, electrical contractor, Burlingame.
Madden, plumber, Burlingame.
Joseph Parody Company.
W. C. Barrack Building Co.

Union men please take notice

BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL
OF SAN MATEO COUNTY

BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL

President—J. H. Flynn.
Vice-president—Patrick Keary.
Rec. Secty.—Edward Brady.
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COUNTY CORRESPONENTS WANTED

S.P. TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 16, 1913

To San Francsco		Fr. San Francisco	
Leave San Mateo	Arrive S. F.	Leave S. F.	Arrive San Mateo
AM	AM	AM	AM
* 5 48	6 30	4 25	5 06
6 24	7 35	x 6 30	7 04
* 6 41	7 25	* 7 05	7 43
6 57	7 35	8 10	8 46
* 7 22	8 00	9 00	9 32
* 7 45	8 20	10 40	11 17
8 07	8 40	11 40	PM
* 8 25	9 00	PM	12 17
9 05	9 40	1 20	1 57
9 36	10 10	* 2 10	2 54
11 04	11 40	x 3 00	3 32
11 57	PM	3 25	3 55
PM	12 30	4 20	4 54
12 46	1 25	* 5 05	5 42
2 44	3 25	* 5 25	5 58
3 25	4 00	5 40	6 16
4 58	5 30	* 6 00	6 35
5 12	5 50	x 6 30	7 04
6 50	7 20	x 8 10	8 46
7 03	7 45	10 05	10 39
7 28	8 06	11 45	12 20
8 32	9 05		
11 22	11 55		

*Daily ex. Sunday—x connect at San Jose with Coast Line trains to Los Angeles—a Stop on Flag for points South of San Jose.

Lumber
Windows
Doors
Frames
Tanks
Cement
Lime
Plaster

Pioneer Auto Delivery

Bth Tubs
Toilets
Lavatories
Nails
Paints–Oils
Glass
Sewer Pipe
Patent Chimneys

SPRING VALLEY LUMBER YARD

LUMBER
Mill Work, Hardware
And
Plumbing Material

Phones } Mission 253 Mission 254
2401 San Jose Avenue

BANK OF ITALY

Member
The San Francisco Clearing House Association
Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

Capital Authorized - -	$2,000,000.00
Capital Paid In . .	1,250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits .	299,068.69
Resources Over . . .	14,000,000.00

SAN MATEO COUNTY BRANCH
Formerly
SAN MATEO BANK
Cor. B St. and Third Ave. San Mateo

A general Banking, Exchange, Loan and Collection Business transacted. Foreign and Domestic Exchange bought and sold. Interest at current rates paid on Savings and Time Deposits. Safety Deposits Boxes to rent at $1.00 per year.

LOCAL ADVISORY BOARD
Robert Wisnom, J. H. Coleman C. W. Elfing

Patronize Advertisers

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

TAXES 1913

Notice is hereby given that the Assessment Books of the County of San Mateo (real and personal) for the fiscal year 1913, have been received and the taxes on all personal property and one-half of the taxes on all real property are now due and payable and will be delinquent on the

Last Monday in November, 1913, at 6 o'clock P. M.

And unless paid prior thereto, 15 per cent will be added to the amount thereof. If the said first installment of taxes be not paid before the Last **Monday in April, 1914**, at 6 P. M., an additional 5 per cent will be added to the amount thereof. The remaining one-half of the taxes on real property will be payable on or after the **First Monday in January**. Next thereafter, and be delinquent on the **Last Monday in April, 1914**, at 6 o'clock P. M. and that unless paid prior thereto 5 per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

All taxes may be paid at the time the first installment, as herein provided, is due and payable.

If deed to your property was not recorded before March 1st, 1913, your name will not appear on assessment roll this year.

I will be in attendance to receive taxes at the following places and times:

Pescadero, Wednesday, October 22d, at Swanton House, from 1 p. m. to 5 p. m.

San Gregorio, Thursday, October 23d, at E. Montevaldo's, during forenoon.

Halfmoon Bay, Saturday, October 25th, at Bank of Halfmoon Bay, from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

South San Francisco, Wednesday, October 29th, at Town Hall, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

San Bruno, Thursday, October 30th, at Justice Court Room, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Daly City, Saturday, November 1st, at Town Hall, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Colma, Monday, November 3d, at Belli's Store, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Burlingame, Wednesday, November 5th, at Town Hall, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

San Mateo, Friday and Saturday, November 7th and 8th, at City Hall, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

First Installment Taxes Delinquent November 24, at 6 p. m.

Address all communications regarding State and County taxes to

A. McSWEENEY,
County Tax Collector, San Mateo County.
REDWOOD CITY, CAL.